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SCHEFFEL ALS ROMANDICHTER

(Scheffel as a Novelist)

Inaugural-Dissertation

Zur

ERLANGUNG DER DOCTORWÜRDE

bei

der hohen philosophischen Facultät der Universität

der

Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität zu München

—————

eingereicht am 21. Juli 1900

von

RICHARD CYRIL FORD

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To
PROFESSOR FREDERICK LUTZ,
my teacher, colleague, and friend, who first made me acquainted
with the delights of his mother tongue, this
study is affectionately
dedicated.

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Preface.

THE time has gone by for one to apologize in any way for the presence of the novel in literature. What it is, it is as a type which has proved its right to be. Still it can never be studied too much. A clearer comprehension of its nature, field, and possibilities will only result in advancing its interests and powers.

In our treatment of Scheffel as a novelist (Scheffel als Romandichter), we are not actuated so much by a hope to discover anything new in his work or methods as by a desire to present him and his fiction in a connected and comprehensive study. Scheffel is a well-known name; his works and words have become household property on both sides of the ocean, and yet the facts of his life and literary work, particularly as relate to the æsthetic and critical appreciation of his romance, are scattered through a multitude of reviews, essays, and biographical articles. A single study, therefore, in this direction may not come amiss.

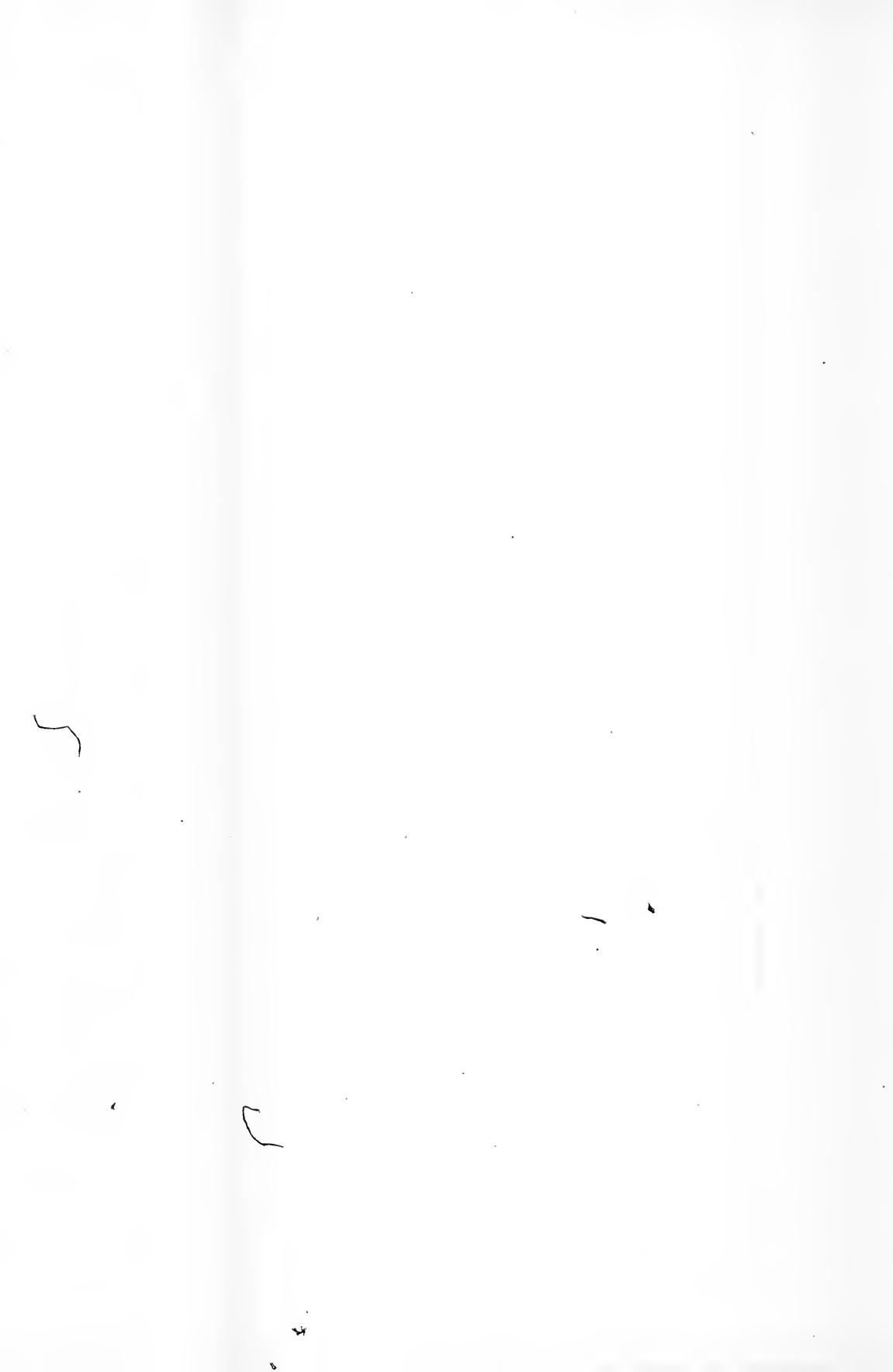
In our work we have tried to form our judgments on the somewhat broad basis of international fiction, and an estimate of him coming from a standpoint *extra Germaniam* we hope will be of interest and value.

It has seemed best to us to introduce our discussion by a preliminary part in which we observe the leading principles of fiction and their connection with the historical novel, and to follow this up with a cursory glance over the general course of the historical novel in Germany before Scheffel's day. If this latter part seems to need a supplement, showing Scheffel's own influence upon German fiction, we trust that our final chapter (*Scheffel's Place in German Literature*) may be such.

Munich, Germany, 1900.

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CHAPTER I.—Introduction.

(1)

The Principles of the Novel and Their Application to Historical Fiction.

THOUGH story-writing is comparatively young, the story-telling instinct is as old, doubtless, as the race itself. The modern novel is the latest form of this very ancient trait. Literature always keeps pace in a mysterious way with the age which produces it: story-telling is ever *en rapport* with civilization. "It is obvious," says Dunlop,¹⁾ "that the fictions framed by mankind, or the narratives with which they are delighted, will vary with their feelings and the state of society. Accordingly, in a warlike age it would be peculiarly employed in tales of enterprise and chivalry, and in the times of gallantry, in the detail of love adventure." And since the modern age is the sum of all the past, an inheritance of all the feelings, vices, and virtues which in any way have ever affected the race, the modern novel will reproduce these in its portrayal of society,—in other words, be the vehicle of the thinking and feeling of the present day,—in the case of the historical novel, be a more or less perfect mirror of the age of which it treats. There does not seem to be much difference of opinion on this point. Mr. Henry James makes the novel to be a picture of life; F. Marion Crawford calls it a "pocket stage" which presents the more "dramatic, passionate, romantic, or humorous sides of real life." According to Rehorn, it describes the doings of the world from the standpoint of humanity; according to Spielhagen, it presents pictures of the world, or of a people and their aspirations, in a certain period of time; and Zola finds its work to be in reproducing living men,²⁾ who play their parts in life's comedy as faithfully as possible. From these views it will be seen that while phraseologies differ the substance is the same.

The historical novel in no way revolts against these definitions. It presumes to be as accurate and as true a picture of life and society as any other, justifying the presumption from the belief that humanity in its heart qualities is the same in every age. Still, there are differences between the historical and the ordinary novel which must be borne in mind. In the first place, it has come to be a principle of historical fiction that the writer should seek his material in the past. This is not absolutely necessary, but expedient. Since he deals in a way with real events, and more or less with real personages, the historical novelist saves himself a good deal of responsibility and unwelcome criticism by taking refuge in a time of which he is sole master and interpreter. In this way considerations imposed by modern society hamper him less, but they do not leave him any freer to become unreal or unhistoric. When his work loses the ring of truth, it also loses that element of universality which alone gives it value. Again, and here the divergence is greater, the means with which the historical novelist produces his effects are in many ways different from those of the regular novelist. They are, however, subject to the same rhetorical principles and art requirements. Of this again.

Another question comes up: What is the purpose of the novel? And here likewise the answer has been pretty well established by usage, and the verdict of the thoughtful reader and critic has come to harmonize with that of the thoughtful writer. The original purpose of the novel was to entertain, and indirectly to teach,—as Lord Bacon says concerning fiction,

¹⁾ P. 8 of introduction to *The History of Fiction*. London, 1845. Compare also Rehorn, *Der Deutsche Roman*, Köln and Leipzig, 1890.

²⁾ James quoted by Crawford in his *The Novel, What It Is*, p. 50. Rehorn, *Der Deutsche Roman*, p. 6. "der Roman schildert das Weltgetriebe sub specie humani." Spielhagen, *Theorie des Romans*, p. 262. "Weltbilder aufzustellen, oder wenn man denn durchaus will, Bilder ihres Volkes und seines Streben in einem gewissen Zeitabschnitt." Zola, *Le Roman Expérimental*, p. 206. "La grande affaire est de mettre debout des créatures vivantes, jointes devant les lecteurs la comédie humaine avec le plus de naturel possible."

"not only to delight, but to inculcate morality and nobleness of soul." Huet,¹⁾ the first writer to notice in a dignified way this type of literature, makes its task distinctly to lie in giving pleasure and instruction. So also do Abbé Lenglot du Fresnoy and Tobias Smollet a half century later.²⁾ Blankenburg,³⁾ the first German to make in any extended way an æsthetic study of the novel, was convinced that it might be made a very delightful and instructive pastime: Goethe accepted this view, and even the Romanticists with their one-sided notions and their belief in the magic of the imagination did not in theory reject it. So it has come on down through the century, sometimes the entertainment part of the theory, sometimes the purpose of imparting moral or intellectual instruction emphasized; but as a cardinal principle it has remained.⁴⁾

The historical novel is undoubtedly a product where the instructive element is prominent, whether the author intended it so primarily or not. With many authors, however, this intention is openly deliberate, a set purpose from the outset under the guise of a narrative to make a story of a bit of history. But there can be no doubt that in making a novel serve as a text-book of history, or in being a record of political machinations, the writer runs a great risk,—such a risk, indeed, that only the man of genius can hope to carry the problem through. And even then the result is unsatisfactory, for the schoolroom element so outbalances everything else that the artistic poise of the work as a novel is usually destroyed, and its narrative interest impaired.

We take it for granted, then, that the aim of the novelist is to portray real life, and in such a way as to fascinate and educate. Whether he realizes this end depends upon his ability and mastery of the technique of his work. It is here that the novel comes in as a form of art, and in this respect the historical novel is as dependent as any other kind of fiction,—perhaps more so.

Since every novel is the narrative-history of a little world by itself in which people move and act from all sorts of motives and impulses, sometimes in concord, sometimes in discord, it necessarily follows that the writer must have a center in this creation of his, a prominent character by which to regulate and adjust the movements of the others. We say *necessarily* because it is the only safeguard against dissipation of his energy, and the only means of keeping out extraneous matter which does not concern him.⁵⁾ This central figure, the *hero* as we call him, is "the condition and guarantee of the art element," and his career and that of those most directly connected with him embody what von Leixner⁶⁾ calls the "ethical idea," the regnant principle of the work.

Here is a place of danger for the historical novelist, at the very point where at first sight he seems so favored. The regular novelist is permitted to invent his hero and attendant characters for himself,—of course after due study and observation; the historical novelist, on the other hand, is expected to choose his characters more or less from the pages of history, and from the lists of real men. The novelist who creates his own characters, consciously or unconsciously allows them to assume rôles in accordance with the possibilities and capabilities of his own genius; the historical novelist who takes his characters already molded, is trammelled at the very outset by circumstances over which he is not complete master. His work must in a sense fit the hero and the figures associated with the hero,—not their careers his own work and fancy; he does not evolve a world from his experience and consciousness,—he only fills in the *staffage* of a creation already begun. For most writers this is hazardous. If they are to give an accurate picture of the period and persons they have chosen to work with,—and as no one will release them from this, they are constantly in a strait betwixt two: either to make historical characters unhistorical and misleading, or to allow them to play parts not supported by their own power and handling of them. Between

1) *De l'Origine des Romans*, Paris, 1670: "Et ce que l'on appelle proprement romans, sont des fictions d'aventures amoureuses, écrites en prose avec art, pour le plaisir et l'instruction des lecteurs."

2) Abbé du Fresnoy, *De l'Usage des Romans*, Amsterdam, 1734; Tobias Smollet, Introduction to *Roderick Random*, 1748.

3) *Versuch über den Roman*, 1774. "Ich gesteh' es sehr aufrichtig, dass ich glaube, ein Roman könne zu einem sehr angenehmen und sehr lehrreichen Zeitvertreib gemacht werden." For a critical estimate of Blankenburg, see *Beilage der Allgemeinen Zeitung*, 9 März, 1892.

4) See Crawford, *The Novel, What It Is*; Lanier, *The English Novel*, p. 284 et seq.

5) Spielhagen, *Theorie des Romans*, p. 73.

6) *Beiträge zur Aesthetik des Romans*. Deutsche Revue, VI. Jahrgang, p. 254.

this Scylla and Charybdis, a large number of the so-called historical novels become mere anti-quarian studies or historical memoirs, bound together by a little bit of overworked romance.

It may be accepted as a part of the strategy of novel-writing that the writer ought always to keep himself and his powers as free and unlimited as possible. In case of the historical novelist, absolute freedom is well-nigh unattainable. Still, if he makes his novel the embodiment of an historical idea rather than of historical facts, with the great, fixed, historical characters in the background, for the most part, as Spielhagen says, undisturbed on their pedestals, he remains practically master of his situation. He is now free to develop his tale almost as he chooses, and his most active characters lend themselves easily and plastically to his treatment, unhampered by chronicle or necessity.

This shaping of a romance to the movements of its hero and heroic figures, and to the idea represented by such movements, so that the onward march of the story may suffer no break or jar, is the plot. Nowhere does skill count for more than here, and nowhere do novels fail oftener. The plot does not necessarily have to be a tangle, a kaleidoscopic jumble shaken into order at the last moment, complicated like the delicate mechanism of a watch; it may be comparatively simple,—usually the better for this,—a machine of few parts but of great power and effectiveness. It goes without saying that a machine has but little value unless its parts are harmonious and complete. Likewise a novel; if it is to pass for a *Kunstwerk*, its structure must be unified and logical, and the action,—that is, the development of the plot,—from first to last must proceed along definite lines. Interest, as well as the requirements of art, demands this. No matter how commendable its purpose, the novel can accomplish nothing, and produce no effect except that of disappointment, if the element of interest is lacking. The plot, therefore, and what the plot stands for, must be ingenious and well enough handled to produce fascination, and all the accessories of composition must enhance this. The way in which this may be done is left to individual ability and taste, but the exaction is ever present.

In the matter of interest the historical novel is favored. Knowledge that the work is historical, a picture of culture and civilization of long ago, is sufficient in itself to arouse the interest of the average reader, for no one is so modernized that he is entirely free from the romance of the past. "By some subtle law," says Mark Twain, "all tragic human experiences gain in pathos by the perspective of time." The historical novel is also apt to furnish a greater opportunity for dramatic characters, situations, and events than does the ordinary novel of modern, everyday life. This fact is also a strong source of fascination and interest, and is, no doubt, a sufficient reason to account for the seeming fondness with which many writers make use of historical material and conditions.

The unfolding of the plot and the consequent increase of interest must be in accordance with laws of narration. It is not the purpose of this study to show the connection between the novel and the drama, but that this connection exists is seen in the fact that the purposes of both, and a good many of the technical means used to accomplish these purposes, are the same. The beginning must be skillful, with the interest increasing gradually to the highest level of the narrative, then be relieved by an artistic and adequate conclusion, a logical sequence of the chain of events which the author has forged under his pen.¹⁾

The introduction, not the preface, of a novel involves great skill. The adage that every beginning is difficult holds true here. At the outset of the century—it was an international trait—writers were fond of opening their narratives with page after page of description—geographical, historical, or philosophical. But such dallying is certainly inartistic, a violation of the fundamental theory of successful romancing. No one would deny the novelist the privilege of taking a little time in which to orient himself, and prepare the stage, so to speak, for the performers; of course he can not launch into the very midst of his plot at once. But this start must not be tedious,—the highest success demands that he manipulate things so that interest may have a chance to assert her sway from the beginning.²⁾ If interest demands much here, she forgives and overlooks much later.

¹⁾ Cf. Goethe, *Jenaische Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*, Nr. 167, 10 Juli, 1806.

²⁾ Georg Freiherr von Ompteda in an article, *Wie entsteht ein Roman*, *Velhagen und Klasing's Monatshefte*, Sept. 1899, says, "Die ersten Worte sind sehr wichtig. Es ist nicht gleichgültig, wie ein Roman, ja sogar wie ein Kapitel beginnt."

The novel in its movement is progressive. The beginning dare not anticipate the conclusion, nor rise to greater heights than the climax. The central, underlying idea must be worked out logically; somewhere before the end comes the acme of this development, the highest point of the story's interest. The careful, clever novelist prepares for this, and he has a right to, for whatever strengthens his hold upon the attention and increases his literary effectiveness is legitimate art and legitimate literature.

To-day in some form or other love is the dominating *motif* in fiction. This is significant but not inexplicable. The writer takes it and uses it because he can not avoid doing so,—it is the most elemental, the most romantic, the most universal thing in human life. For this reason love will always form the warp and woof of fiction, and the highest point of narrative interest will be attained under its spell ¹⁾ But there are other considerations which must also engage the author.—love is only the magic by which many other effects are produced, the light under which the various events and circumstances of the author's world appear; the greatest writer is he who under the guidance of this ruling passion draws the largest and completest world picture.

A novel's conclusion like its beginning is also difficult. How to stop has caused writers untold trouble. Even the aestheticians have recognized the difficulty of the problem and—disagreed. Either the ending is entirely arbitrary,²⁾ or necessarily imperfect,³⁾ or there is none at all!⁴⁾ Now that there must be a conclusion is self-evident, for somewhere, as von Ompteda remarks, comes the end in the development of the hero figure and of the idea which he represents. The novel as an art product demands that this end be as complete and logical as possible. If the novel is nothing but one idea, and has but one flimsy thread in it, then perhaps it may be immaterial what happens, or if nothing happens, just as soon as this idea is realized and the one thread spun. But there is more than one consideration involved in a great novel and more than one character, however central and influential the hero may be in the story's *personnel*: a novel is a *world picture*, and the world does not ignominiously fall to pieces as soon as its king is dead or disposed of. Hence the conclusion is more than a conclusion—it is an accounting, “a releasing of the feelings and a solution of the conflicts.”⁵⁾ This follows from the principle of emotional cause and effect, as well as from the claims of art, and in no novel will the highest possible be realized till both these obligations are satisfied.

Can the novelist legitimately idealize in his work? Is there any place for poetry and imagination in the prose of a chronicle of life? (Gerschmann, in his *Studien über den modernen Roman*,⁶⁾ has explained the seeming tendency toward realism in these later years as a revolt against the slavish deference which formerly prevailed for the novel as a *Kunstform*. Such a revulsion was, perhaps, to be expected, though not entirely to be commended. As well might one become a pagan because dissatisfied with some of the exaggerations of religion. Somewhere, somehow, the poetic and idealistic must combine with stern, unrelenting methods of scientific observation, what Monsieur Zola calls “le sens du réel.”—the sense of the real. If the novel is still to be a vehicle of human thought, culture, and civilization, fantasy and fact must join hands just as they do in real life. The world of feeling is quite as real as the world of intellect: and imagination is as necessary in life as bread. This combination will need to be effected with discretion: let the writer adorn his work with the poetical and the imaginative so long as he does not idealize himself away from possibility and probability. “In medio tutissimus ibis.”

The connection between the poetical and the prosaic reminds of another point.—the relation between subjective and objective effects. Spielhagen says no successful novel can be written without objectivity, that of all literary gifts it is most valuable.⁷⁾ The view finds ready acceptance; however, it does not imply that the writer is to give up all subjective rights; for let him try his best to do so and he will still create men very much in his own image, and their ways of thinking will still resemble his own. Yet the author as much as possible must

1) Compare Crawford, p. 43; Rehorn, p. 27.

2) Mundt, *Kritische Wälder*, Cap. VII (Ueber Novellenpoesie).

3) Fr. Th. Vischer, *Asthetik*, p. 1310.

4) Spielhagen, *Vermischte Schriften* (Objectivität im Roman).

5) Quoted by von Leisner from Maurice Carrière's *Asthetik*.

6) München, 1891.

7) *Objectivität im Roman*.

keep himself in the background; he is not a character, he does not figure in the narrative; he is supposed to be nothing but an impartial chronicler. Therefore art and logic demand that his standpoint for the time being be transferred to that of the object; this will also compel the reader to make the object his own condition of perceptibility. All the tricks of the trade should be employed to produce this effect; description, dialogue, characterization, must all yield to this requirement. Details ought not to obscure the totality of the pictures, or limit the possibility of realizing them. The sharp, bold outlines are the work of the artist. — the novelist; the filling in and clothing of the outlines the pleasure and work of the reader. In this way characters will assume their personalities as a result of forces the reader comprehends, not because the writer autocratically thrusts their natures on them.

As a final consideration comes the question of style, "the dress of thoughts," as Lord Chesterfield terms it, what Zola calls the "*expression personnelle*." Every writer has a style. — the sharper the personality of the man, the more pronounced and striking his rhetorical expression. What this is, is hard to describe in words, but not hard to appreciate or feel. Model and study improve it, but do not create it; in spite of changes for better or for worse it is indissolubly linked to the intellectual nature of the man himself, giving character to his work and individuality to his thoughts.

We have now for the purpose of this thesis reached the end in our hasty review of the technical requirements of the novel. Briefly summarized, they are as follows:—

I. The novel is expected to give an accurate picture of human life, set in possible and actual conditions. To accomplish this, the historical novelist may use means peculiar to his task, but is in no way absolved from faithfulness.

II. The aim and purpose of the novel is to please and instruct. In the historical novel extended opportunity for instruction gives such fiction a unique literary value and place.

III. The novel is a narrative-history of a little world by itself, and centers around the career of the leading "hero" figure or figures. The motives and philosophy underlying this career (to illustrate which is the author's responsibility for the time being) form the "idea," the central thought of the work.

IV. This shaping of a romance to the movements of the hero element calls forth and is the plot, which must be unified and logical.

V. To meet the conditions of its being, the novel must be dominated by an all-pervading interest. This is best conserved by making its structure follow the lines of dramatic narration as regards beginning, climax, and conclusion. These must be adequately wrought out, satisfying both art and reason. From its very nature, the historical novel may exert a unique interest. This interest, however, is subject to the regular methods of fiction.

VI. In some form or other, love with its counterpart passions is the universal theme of the novel and the all-powerful promoter of interest. But it is not the sole theme, and must not obscure other considerations.

VII. Within due bounds the novelist may seek to produce idealistic and poetical effects. This must not expand into the impossible, or degenerate into the austere and coldly scientific.

VIII. Objectivity in narration is necessary, and by it the novelist's greatest effects are produced. A novelist's style, the way in which he says things, is also of supreme moment. It is the trademark of his personality — the guarantee of himself.

A Glance over the Course of the Historical Novel in Germany before 1650.

The historical novel--any novel for that matter--is the result of evolution; the various changes and influences which affect the life and progress of a people, and consequently its literature, make themselves felt also in fiction as a part of literature. Though the historical novel can not boast of any great antiquity, yet it is by no means young, and this is as true of the type in Germany as elsewhere. We hope no one will misunderstand us when we speak of the historical novel and age. The present-day historical novel with certain new and modern trademarks is not old. --hardly reaching back a century: it is only the beginnings, the origins of the modern product, to which we wish to ascribe anything like history.

Between the years 1561-1595 the Spanish Amadis romances became German property through a translation from the French. It was popular material, leaving home in 12 books, growing to 24 in France, and finally to 30 in Germany. The spirit which prevailed in this fiction was rank and luxuriant Romanticism. "Das Wunderbare ist es, worin diese Poesie lebt und webt," says Cholevius,¹⁾ and the realities of life did not figure much. The scenes of the various tales reached from Constantinople to Scotland, and there were desert islands, forbidden mountains, valleys of death, magic fountains, snakes, dragons, and flame-enveloped palaces enough to satisfy the most sensational. The characters, and their careers, too, were equally wonderful. From their infancy, life was nothing but a round of adventure and exciting exploits; some were dragged off into deserts by lions, some were stolen by pirates, all were sharers in hairbreadth escapes. Enough of Arthurianism out of the traditions of the *Ritter-poesie* was mixed in to lend a color of chivalry; but Honor was ever a slave to Love, and Love nothing but Beauty.

From such inspiration and encouragement came the early historical novels, if we may call them so for want of a better name. The development was quite similar to the progress of that revival which called forth the real historical novel of the modern type; both were heralded by a movement which lived and moved and had its being in strange dreams, fancy, and imagination, and both were invigorated by foreign influence.

Of course anything like reality, or regard for the world as it was, when introduced into the extravagant treatment which characterized the Amadis tales, could not help but give a new and different direction to the unfolding of this early fiction. Still the change was not sudden. The Amadis romances were far too popular to be forsaken or modified in a day. Whatever transition stages were demanded in order to get away from the exotic spell were to be found in the writings of Philip von Zesen (1619-1689), who by translating Madeleine von Scudery's *Ibrahim* (1645) and *Sefonische* (1646), works in the spirit of the so-called "Greek" romance, helped to give a new cast to German fiction. The type of novel which he popularized had its historical side, though it still revelled, like the Amadis romances, in adventures and wonders. But the characters were on the whole more real and ordinary, -- a moral tone was visible, and there was a certain natural connection between the world of the writer and the world of men. In short, one could begin to detect now a slight deviation from the regular path, and the hint was speedily caught up by other German writers.

In 1659 Andreas Heinreich Bucholtz (1607-1671) published his "*Des christlichen deutschen Grossfürsten Hercules und der böhmischen königlichen Fräulein Valisca Wundergeschichte*," which remained a popular work for more than a century, and passed through several editions.²⁾ One may suspect that Bucholtz's aim was to compete with the Amadis literature for the favor of the reading public. He was not entirely free from the influence of the past, especially in those fields where fantasy reigned, but the heroic and erotic elements were toned down by real historical considerations. For the first time now there was something like a definite geography -- as definite as writers of the 17th century felt in duty bound to be -- and a feeling of national pride began to be apparent.

¹⁾ Die bedeutendsten deutschen Romane des siebzehnten Jahrhunderts. Leipzig, 1866.

²⁾ 1676, 1693 (1728). 1744, and an *Umarbeitung* in four books in 1781.

Passing over Zesen's Biblical novel, *Assenat* (1670), in seven books, which was unique in that it had no connection with profane history or the old romances, we come to the *Asiatische Banise* (1688) of Heinrich von Ziegler und Klipphausen, a tale that is quite distinct from any earlier production, with its scene laid in the Orient, the land which traders and explorers were picturing with such fascination in this very period. It is the history of an Asiatic ruler, and was based on a definite material and some study of sources and reports concerning the far East. The plot of the narrative is woven around sundry love adventures, and battles, sieges, and intrigues are depicted with bloody faithfulness. The character studies, though carried out with fearfully exuberant rhetoric, are comparatively good, but requirements of time and place, as is true of all the pioneer writers of this pseudo-historical fiction,¹⁾ are woefully neglected. The work was one of the most popular of contemporaneous fiction, and did not lose its grasp on the public for a century.

In close proximity to this novel stand two others which appeared about the same time: the *Octavia* (1685-1707) of Duke Ulrich von Braunschweig, and *Arminius* (1689-90,²⁾ by Lohenstein. In them the early *seventeenth-century* type of historical novel put forth its most perfect flower.

Duke Ulrich's *Octavia* was a story of Rome, as its title indicated,³⁾ and Tacitus was the primal source. The plot of the narrative is the love of King Tyridates for the Empress Octavia, and an account of the hindrances which interfered with the course of their affection. The plan of the work is colossal, the resources of invention inexhaustible, and historical interest not allowed to overshadow the psychological, yet manifold learning is brought in and paraded as much as possible.

The *Arminius*, the greatest of the list, was like the *Hercules* of Bucholtz, in theory a story of the Fatherland, yet as Cholevius says, the author did not hesitate to cruise about through the whole history of the world, and bring in copious extracts from all the known treasures of wisdom and philosophy. With all of its prolixity, one of the most pronounced traits of the work was the patriotic strain in it. Lohenstein had no other aim than to glorify the German land and history, yet he did not make his heroes knights, as the Amadis books would have done; for the most part they were rough, sturdy characters, not savage, yet not polished. As far as psychological treatment went, the people of the romance were unreal,—somewhat aloof from the common run of mortals. "They resembled those hollow personifications of virtue and wisdom with which Richardson once edified his readers in a period when people saw in poesy nothing but a moral idea."⁴⁾

So it went. When once the vogue was established, much of this sort of fiction was produced; nevertheless, it remained for an industrious writer named Happel to create a new variety, which was a cross between the heroic and the erotic, with a goodly dash of history and politics mixed in. His chief work was called *Der Asiatische Onogambo*, and purported to give a detailed account of the wonderful adventures of the "sinesische Kaiser Nunchius."

Another work of this period must be mentioned,—Grimmelhausen's *Abenteuerlicher Simplicissimus* (1669), for it has survived in popular esteem longer than any of the others of those early beginnings,—yet it can hardly be called an historical novel, even in the strained sense in which the others may be crowded into that category. It was biographical and contemporaneous rather than historical, and treated of the author's own experiences in the Thirty Years' War. From the faithful picture which it gave of that troublous time and the German feeling in it, the book has always found willing readers, and its influence upon the following century was not inconsiderable: still this influence lay along the line of the *Robinsonadenliteratur* rather than in the direction taken by Ziegler, Bucholtz, Duke Ulrich, Lohenstein, or Happel.

¹⁾ See *Das deutsche Altertum in den Anschauungen des sechzehnten und siebzehnten Jahrhunderts*,—Friedrich Gott-helf, Berlin, 1900.

²⁾ The novel was brought out by one Benjamin Neukirch. Lohenstein died at the age of 48, in 1683.

³⁾ "*Octavia, römische Geschichte: der hochblühlichen Nymphen-Gesellschaft an der Donau gewidmet*. Sechs Bände. Nürnberg, 1685-1707."

⁴⁾ "Sie gleichen jenen hohlen Personifikationen der Tugend und Weisheit mit welchen einst Richardson, als man in der Poesie nur noch das moralische Ideal kannte, seine Leser erbaute." Cholevius, p. 389.

The eighteenth century was a gap in the course of the historical novel on German soil. The works which had been produced in the last decades of the previous century did not call forth any remarkable imitation, or spur to any independence. The public either read the material it had on hand, or satisfied its desire for the marvelous with Robinson tales and stories of roguery and travels: interest in historical romance seemed to have spent its course. Not so very much of lasting result had been accomplished. Fiction had not progressed far enough to free itself from many of the characteristics of mediæval literature on the one side, or to take hold of modern life on the other. Exuberant fancy still dominated the literary artist, and fables, allegories, and the marvelous were never quite unknown. We have termed the novels of this pioneer day "historical," and yet history was constantly distorted, falsified, or disregarded. Characters and events were manipulated without regard for actual chronology, and for the most part the same type of individuals figured in every land and under all conditions. In composition there was a pronounced striving after the magnificent, the ponderous, and the prolix. Still there was some merit in all this work: the moral tone was comparatively high, patriotism and a German feeling pulsed through it all, and now and then a character fell in clear silhouette across the obvious defects of the style.

The course of fiction from the close of the first awakening for a hundred years almost did not have any place for the historical. The eighteenth century was a sort of transition era, and the seismic shocks of many coming changes were being felt. The novel, like other literature, was shaping itself to new problems: it was caught between a longing to wander, a *Drang in die Ferne*, and the various considerations imposed by the ideals of the English novelists and humorists who came into vogue after 1750. The social, political, and intellectual changes which came as a heritage of the past called forth a new literature under new conditions. When the novel felt this new life, it began to thrive again, but it was a different product: mediævalism was gone, there was for the first now a feeling of the modern in it.

In 1766 Wieland gave forth to the world his *Agathon* to usher in the period. "Es ist der erste und einzige Roman für den denkenden Kopf vom klassischen Geschmacke," said Lessing.¹ This firstling work in a great succession is to-day practically without readers,—almost without admirers, but it was the foundation upon which a new structure was raised, a structure combining many styles of architecture and varieties of decoration. To Wieland belongs the credit of hitting upon the form most suitable to this new type of literature, and of being the first to give it an ideal basis and an inner substance.² No matter whence he derived his inspiration, whether from without or from within, he was a forerunner, a voice crying in the wilderness. Goethe was the Messiah, the one who was to come, who elevated Wieland's work into what a whole generation after him followed as a law and studied as an evangel.³

The first twenty-five years of the new century was a period of marked change in every direction: inventions were revolutionizing labor, commerce was developing, intercourse growing easier, politics and political principles changing; things intellectual were also breaking away from old traditions. If one looks over the general field of German literature during this time one will detect evidence enough of such transformation. Romanticism was the disintegrating factor: it could inspire innovations, if it could not demand them. In this first generation the novel took on new aspects. Its matter and ideals were in uproar. At first in its philosophical speculations and æsthetic flights it had been a willing follower of Goethe, and his *Werther* and *Wilhelm Meister* had stood godfather, directly or indirectly, for a whole series of romances which bore the outward mark of the Romantic school, but inwardly could not shake off the traces of the classic model. But Romanticism was restless; its energy was tireless: its enterprise swept in every direction and explored every field. No wonder that it soon came upon a new type, and saw in it an opportunity to turn a fresh current into the already swollen stream of fiction. This involved no change of principles; on the other hand it would be intensely romantic, quite characteristic of the school, whose followers were enthusiastic in their racial pride and longing for the glory of a nationality which seemed bound not

¹ *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*.

² Cf. Heitner, *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur im achtzehnten Jahrh.* II. Buch p. 437. Rehorn, *Der deutsche Roman*, p. 50.

³ For Goethe's position in German fiction cf. Mielke, *Der deutsche Roman des 19. Jahrhunderts*; Rehorn, *Der deutsche Roman*, etc.

to come. To hide their disappointment they turned back to the Middle Ages, they sought for great characters in the past of German history, they looked for enchantment there to make up for their disenchantment with the present. And they found it: only, as time went on, the charm which they had set free threatened to overpower them, for it was greater than their own fantastic conjury. At the end, bewitched and helpless, they themselves wandered in a rosy shimmer of fable and unreality.¹⁾

Romanticism was now ready to absorb the movement which Schiller's *Räuber* and Goethe's *Goetz* had originally inspired,— a movement that displayed its genius in the production of *Schauderromane* of all types and forms.²⁾ Some of these products had a background of history, some of fable, some were dominated by oversea life and conditions, but no matter what they were, they proved a welcome adjunct to the literature of the Romanticists, and gradually merged in it. All that was needed was a Walter Scott to give a safe direction to this combined, perverted enthusiasm,— the impulse was already present,— and the historical novel with some right to the title had made its appearance in German literature. Before this should come, however, the Romanticists themselves were to make some attempts of their own in this direction.

Novalis' *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* (1801), inspired by Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, with all its dreams, poesy, and disdain for reality, foreshadowed the historical novel. The tale was the story of the life-unfolding of a poet, and the time was the Middle Ages. There was plot enough, the scene was sufficiently remote, and the historical color pronounced enough to have called forth a novel of real historical interest; but this was not possible for Romanticism as it was in the year 1800. Tieck's *Franz Sternbald's Wanderungen* (1798), another *Kunstroman*, was also a move in the historical direction, and it had the same possibilities in it; but it also suffered from the same defects. Nevertheless, the personal characterization in it was partially successful, and the happy portrayal of German art and life was a hint that ought not to have been lost.

Fouqué was another pioneer in the same field; but his romances, *Der Zauberring* (1813), *Die Fahrten Theodulfs, des Isländers* (1815), etc., were grisly experiences and full of marvels. Except that his style was modern and salon-like, he wrote in the spirit of the seventeenth century, and history was treated with the same autocratic contempt. Following hard upon his work came Arnim's *Kronenwächter* (1817). The author's plan was to unfold in four volumes a complete picture of German life in the Middle Ages, but it was not carried out. The plot of the tale centers around the *Kronenwächter*, a magic company of knights, who guard in a magic castle the old crown of the Hohenstaufens, and whose task it is to place a descendant of the family again on the imperial throne. This work was the best product of romantic fiction, and its nearest and best approach to the historical novel. The progress of the story is loose and inconsequential, and the composition extravagant, yet the work is full of excellencies. Old-fashioned city life is described with charm, all the manifold types of life in the Reformation period come before us with pleasing clearness, and a healthy humor invigorates the movement. The lesson, too, is patriotic and national, and there is an honest attempt to entertain through the medium of the past; in other words, to surround the reader with well-defined historical pictures. Arnim knew what history was, and he believed it had a legitimate place in fiction, and this was progress. It was only in combining history and fiction that he failed; with him the impossible and the improbable, the uncanny and the magical, weighed quite as heavily as the actual and historical. "Das Wesen der heiligen Dichtungen wie die Liederwonne des Frühlings ist nie eine Geschichte der Erde gewesen."³⁾ was his theory when simmered to the bottom.

Outside of the Romantic school there had also been a few trials in the same direction (like Caroline Pichler's *Agathokles* (1808), of the time of Diocletian), but the *Kronenwächter* was the last important work before Walter Scott's fiction began to make itself felt. The Classical school had not cared to explore the new path; Romanticism had done its best, but had not traveled it far. What was needed was a breath from without to arouse the force that was latent, and this came with the introduction of the Waverley Novels, bringing not so much

¹⁾ Cf. Kreyssig, *Vorlesungen über d. deutschen Roman d. Gegenwart*.

²⁾ Wielke, p. 74 et seq.

³⁾ Preface to the *Kronenwächter*.

new material as new method and treatment. It is almost incredible, the hold this English romance obtained over literary interest in Germany. For twenty years it was a magic spell.

One does not have to say that Walter Scott was a master, and knew the technique of his art. This is a fact beyond dispute. "All is great in his novels," said Goethe, "material, effect, character, execution." The first thing German novel writing learned from him was *what the historical novel was*. When this was understood, it was only a question of time before such fiction would accustom itself to continental conditions. In 1814 Scott published *Waverley*; in 1823 appeared Alexis's *Walladmor* in such skillful imitation of the English model as to deceive the very elect. Now that the start was made, progress was rapid, and the new fiction was caught at with eagerness. Before 1830 a number of authors had made their debut in this promising field, and the product of their pens was full of augury for the onward progress of the movement. Van der Velde, who died in 1824, had found attractive material which he popularized in the *Eroberung von Mexico*, and the *Böhmischer Mägdekrieg*. Von Tromlitz, a Prussian officer, between the years 1826-28 produced a number of tales, among which may be cited as most esteemed, *Die Pappenheimer* and *Franz von Sickingen*. They were written in a historical-romantic style, and treated the period of the Thirty Years' War. Karl Spindler, one of the most fertile writers of the school, turned out also some of its best work. His *Jude* (1827), *Bastard* (1829), and *Der Invalid* (1831), belong to the most widely read books of that day. Some of the earlier Romanticists tried their hand again at historical fiction, and in 1826 we have Tieck's *Anfuhr in den Cevennen*, a clever romance halfway between the novelle and the novel. Tieck's private opinion was that Scott was slow and prosy, but though he himself used French material here, and produced directly from a French source, he was, nevertheless, indebted to the Walter Scott influence. The same year appeared Zschokke's *Addrich im Moos*, also more or less *novellenartig* as to structure, but full of strength and historical color.

But perhaps the strongest novel, indeed one writer calls it the first distinctive and worthy historical novel in German literature, was Wilhelm Hauff's *Lichtenstein*, also of the year 1826. Of all this pioneer work it has survived longest and exerted the greatest influence; to-day, even, it may be read with enjoyment, and this is a severe test for the usual fiction of that time. The plot of the story is interesting, there is an enduring freshness about the treatment, and people and localities are described with a vividness that is masterly. The foreign model is unmistakable, but still the work is German through and through, and echoes on every page a firm belief that the Neckar and the Danube bound a land as romantic, withal as attractive and full of historical inspiration, as the region of the Susquehannah or the banks of the Tweed.¹⁾

A retrospect from the revolution year of 1830 shows abundant signs of progress. The mission and theories of the novel, which had been clearly enough understood for half a century, were now actually beginning to be realized; the carnival of extravagance was nearly over, —at least in reputable work. The novelist, the historical novelist in particular, saw he must be something more than the dispenser of sentiment, the champion of knights, the biographer of robbers, the recounter of absurd and wonderful adventures: he perceived that as an artist he was not permitted to take undue liberties with the matter and form of his "world picture." Other changes were yet to come, but they were to come as evolution in a type that was outgrowing its weakness, and rapidly becoming able to move alone. Imitation was giving way to original creation.

In the following period the historical novel lost no ground already gained; on the contrary, its course grew yet stronger. This came in large part through the awakening in the political and commercial activity of the land which cast a reflex glow upon literature. Heinrich König (1790-1869) especially was animated by these national impulses. Walter Scott was still model for him, or rather ideal, but he was also independent. His creed was "a freer comprehension of the historical realities," and naturally enough had no place for the principles of Romanticism. In 1832 appeared his *Hohe Braut*, a work with the scene in the Franco-Italian revolution: his *Waldenser* (1836) treated of the Middle Ages, and was full of religious color: *Die Klubbisten von Mainz* (1847), perhaps his best work, was likewise German

¹⁾ Preface to *Lichtenstein*.

material, taken from the Rhine country in the days of the French Revolution. Another patriotic novelist in this generation was Levin Schücking (1814-83). He, too, was not free from foreign influence, noticeably that of Scott and the elder Dumas, and he was not so emancipated from the foibles of Romanticism as was König, but he had talent. By preference he exploited the historical material of his home region. His first productions of this sort, *Ein Sohn des Volkes* (1849), and *Der Bauernfürst* (1851), were never surpassed by him later.

It was also in this period that influences from over sea began to touch upon the course of literature in Germany. America and life in the Wilderness now became magic charms in old, historical Europe, and called forth many wonders. On all sides there developed an insatiate curiosity and an eagerness to know the secrets of that virgin world. This began with Fenimore Cooper and his Indian tales, and received new vigor with the discovery of gold, and Bret Harte in '49! As a result of this, the historical novel in Germany, even before 1850, began to take on an ethnographical spirit, with Charles Sealsfield (1793-1864) as sponsor. From his youth till he settled down in Switzerland in 1832, Sealsfield had led a life of adventure throughout the length and breadth of the New World. This gave him material and background for his novels, among which may be mentioned as possessing historical interest, *Der Legitime und der Republikaner* (1832), a tale of the American war of 1812. *Der Virey und die Aristokraten* (1835), located in Mexico about the same time. Sealsfield's work had the ring of being made to order, and his literary activity was tremendous, still his literary sway rested on some very delightful qualities. Of course, first of all, it was in the matter, the *Stoff*: but he ever had a keen eye for nature effects, he worked out his descriptions with skill, and now and then produced scenes of dramatic power.

All of the writers before the 50's who rendered valuable service to German historical fiction, and helped to give it character and individuality, the name of Wilibald Alexis¹⁾ stands first. He was Walter Scott's greatest pupil; he alone of all the imitators approached him in power and genius. Other writers gave valiant aid to the movement, but in Alexis we have the acme of achievement in the first half century. We have already mentioned his *Walladmor* (1823) as the first fruit of Scott's influence in Germany; but it was after 1830 that his really great works came. In 1832 appeared *Cubanis* with Frederick the Great as the chief historic figure. Then came *Der Roland von Berlin* (1840), a story of Berlin in the Middle Ages, *Der falsche Waldemar* (1842), in the spirit of Schiller's *Demetrius*; *Die Hosen des Herrn von Bredow* (1846), a humorous narrative of the old Mark and the Elector Joachim. A sequel to the latter was the *Wehrwolf* (1846). Out of the early 50's we have two great romances, excepting *Dorothea* (1856), his last; in 1852, *Ruhe ist die erste Bürgerpflicht*, a gloomy picture before and after the Battle of Jena, and *Isegrim* (1856), which continued this.

Under Alexis's pen the "*geschichtliche Specialität*" which Hauff had introduced, and which König and Schücking had developed, was elevated to the dignity of a literary canon. In following it he was perhaps more provincial than national; but there came a time in his work when he "went back boldly into the past and asked concerning the causes of the nation's downfall. . . . He appealed directly to the conscience of his contemporaries. No estate, no individual could escape a sense of blame because things had come to such a pass."²⁾ Technically his work could boast of many merits. His landscapes were painted in exquisite colors, many of his characters were forceful and living, his situations often of absorbing interest. On the other hand these charms were frequently counterbalanced by glaring faults: not all of his personages were clearly outlined; his powerful situations were fastened together loosely; his style, too, was marred by affectation, prolixity, and various other defects which count heavily in the sum total of fiction.

The period which the early 50's ushered in was a significant one for the historical novel; it was the beginning of its golden age. In a modern guise it had now had an existence of

¹⁾ His real name was Wilhelm Häring; born at Breslau, 1798, died at Arnstadt after ten years of partial paralysis, Dec. 16, 1871.

²⁾ Rehorn, p. 156. " . . . griff der Roman (*Ruhe die erste Bürgerpflicht*) zurück in die Vergangenheit und fragte nach den Quellen des nationalen Zerfalls. . . . Er rührt seinen Zeitgenossen empfindlich an das Gewissen. Kein Stand, kein Einzelner mag sich freisprechen von der Mitschuld, dass es zu diesem tiefen Zerfall hatte kommen müssen; . . . "

half a century, and all of its mistakes, attempts, and experiments had been necessary stages in its progress. But in the last few years many new impulses had been felt. From without had come the influence of Cooper, Lytton, Dumas, to add to that of Scott. The turmoils between the two revolutions and afterward had stimulated it. Civilization was expanding, commerce was growing, intercourse between nations becoming easier, learning was reviving,—all these things enlarged its possibilities, and laid new claims upon it. Its purpose was better appreciated than ever before, and its structural theories better understood; a vast field was already mapped out for its efforts and new ones were opening; its place in German literature was certain and secure. Where would its coming triumphs be? Scheffel should tell.

CHAPTER II.

Scheffel's Life in Outline.

JOSEPH VICTOR SCHEFFEL was born Feb. 16, 1826, in Karlsruhe, the *Residenz* city of Baden. His father, Philip Jakob Scheffel, born 1789, in Gengenbach in the Black-Forest, was a man of energy and training, by profession an engineer, but he came home from the campaign of 1814–15 as captain of militia, wearing in honorable distinction the Karl-Friedrich medal of merit and the Russian Vladimir order of the fourth class. For several years after the close of the war, he served on a commission to settle the Rhine frontier in accordance with the treaty of Paris; when in 1824 this task was concluded, he returned to Karlsruhe, leaving the active service of the army to take up his profession again, but still in the service of the state. In 1829 he was made *Oberbau Rath*, a member of the Board of Public Works, and held that position till his death.

Scheffel's mother, Josephine Krederer, likewise of Alemannian origin, but from the Württemberg part of the Forest, was born October, 1803, in Oberndorf. The Krederer family was an honorable and ancient one, and the daughter cherished with ardent enthusiasm the romance of her land and people. From her came the son's fondness for everything that related to the history, legend, and scenery of the Swabian homeland.

The lad, Joseph, was carefully and thoroughly trained, both at home and in school, and his progress was eminently satisfactory to his parents. While not particularly precocious, he was markedly industrious and capable, and at the close of his Lyceum course in 1843 stood first in a class of twenty.

The next four years, his university years, were spent in Munich, Berlin, and Heidelberg, where he was fitting himself to enter the law, a career that appealed to his father more than to him. Nevertheless, he was industrious and held faithfully and conscientiously to his work, managing to lighten the drudgery of it by many delightful excursions into the byways of old German literature, philosophy, and history. In August, 1848, he passed the state examination, and later in the same year obtained the degree of Doctor Juris, *summa cum laude*. The next year he was appointed practitioner in the Superior Court of Heidelberg. He was now fairly embarked in the practice of law, but the outlook was not pleasing. He was man enough to do well the tasks that devolved upon him.—he even gained encomiums for his work;¹⁾ but in his inmost soul the dislike for prosy documents and cases was growing intolerable.

Most of 1850 and '51 he spent as *Dienstrevisor* — a sort of government auditor of accounts — in Sickingen on the Rhine. This position, in spite of the legal flavor of it, was more pleasant than otherwise, for the surrounding region filled him with poetic delight, and inspired him to delve much in its past history and romance. His removal to Bruchsal toward the close of 1851, contrary to his hopes, only called forth more powerfully than ever the

¹⁾ Official report, May 14, 1852.

feeling of dissatisfaction with himself, and the next year he was off for Italy with indefinite leave of absence,— thinking there to become an artist

The Italian trip may be briefly passed over, though it was a crucial period in Scheffel's life. During his sojourn in the South he lived and outlived much; he saw his artist dreams come to naught, and their place taken by literary ambitions. In Capri, "on Don Pagano's roof," he wrote his song of the Upper Rhine, "The Trumpeter of Sickingen." Then there came a loud, long call from his father; he packed up his belongings, turned his back on the sea and the South, and returned to Germany.

At first it looked as if he were about to enter the old servitude in the law again, for at the solicitation of his father he was promoted to *Referendarius*, but a kindly fate enabled him to escape the doubtful honor. As Ruhemann remarks, this was the "Herr Major's" last effort to influence his son's career; from this time on he was permitted to follow his own bent and aspirations. For years now the past in the history and literature of Germany had been beckoning to him with alluring charm; he made use of his freedom, therefore, to renew studies, the fruit of which he hoped might open for him a professorial career. But the result was the novel *Ekkehard* rather than a thesis. It was written for the most part in the year 1854, and published in the spring of the year following. Twenty-nine years old, he was now at the highest point of his literary activity; the fullness of his fame came in later years.

The period that followed is called by one of his biographers a period of catastrophe. by another a time of wandering.¹⁾ Both are right. The feverish energy with which he had thrown himself into the production of his novel, had shattered his health, and the hard-earned honorarium for his toil was used to take him again to Italy, the land of consolation and convalescence. As he had hoped, the south brought him relief, but he was not yet free from the shadows of disaster. In the beginning of 1857 his beloved sister, Marie, died while studying with him in Munich, a blow from which he never recovered. Late in the same year he was appointed keeper of the Fürstenberg library at Donaueschingen, *ad fontes Danubii*.²⁾ as he writes, and sought to forget his grief among the old manuscripts and treasures in his charge. For a year and a half he continued in his duties here, but finally the catalogue of the library was ended, and with it desire to remain longer. He returned to Karlsruhe.

In 1863 he published *Frau Aventure*,— songs of the time of Heinrich of Ofterdingen.— which had been growing under his pen since his stay in Donaueschingen. He was now ready to settle down in life, and Aug. 22, 1864, married Karoline Fidelie von Malzen, daughter of the Bavarian representative at the court of Baden. After a honeymoon excursion to Italy, they came back to a country estate on the Halwyler See at Aargau in Switzerland. But more shadows. In 1865 his mother died, and his father, now old and feeble, followed her to the grave four years later. The same year, 1869, Scheffel and his wife separated.

In 1873 he went to live in his villa, Seehalde, at Radolfzell on the bank of Lake Constance, within sight of the Hohentwiel which he had clothed with such poetic, tragic romance, and here he resided in comfortable, hospitable ease, writing, hunting, dreaming, the last years of his life. He was now famous. *Juniperus*, a story of the Crusades, had been published in 1866; *Gaudeamus*, in 1868; and *Bergpsalmen*, in 1870. These works, added to the success of the *Trompeter von Sickingen* and *Ekkehard*, both of which were extremely popular (the *Trompeter*, in the 138th edition at the time of his death, *Ekkehard* in the 88th), made him a favorite throughout Germany. It was no surprising thing, therefore, that the year 1876, the 50th anniversary of his birth, was a time of celebration and congratulation. His sovereign, the Grand Duke of Baden, ennobled him, and the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, wrote him a friendly letter, to which Scheffel like a courtier replied, saying one page of history (*Geschichte*) was worth a thousand pages of poetry (*Gedichte*).

In the autumn of 1885 Scheffel came to Heidelberg to write the Jubilee poem in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the founding of the University which was to be celebrated the following year. He hoped to find inspiration for his task in happy memories of the old student days. But in the course of the winter he was taken sick; February 2, overcome with longing to see the scenes of his youth again, he returned to Karlsruhe to the house of his boyhood. Sad as was the home-coming, it brought him his last happiness, for the long-estranged wife had hurried on from Munich to meet him. In the last days came "the settlement between these two great souls." Feb. 9, 1886, he died.

1) Proelss, Cap. VIII; Ruhemann, Cap. II.

2) Letter, March 10, 1858.

CHAPTER III.

History of Novel-Writing Activity.

1. Der Trompeter von Säckingen.

SCHEFFEL was both poet and prosaist, and these two natures were ever regnant within him. His song of the *Trompeter*, an epic of the Upper Rhine, which he finished, as we have indicated in our biographical sketch, in the spring of 1853, poetry though it was, contained many of the elements of a novel (Roman). It was the beginning of his career as a romancer, a testing of his strength and capabilities in narrative literature.¹⁾

Scheffel went to Italy almost direct from the romantic atmosphere of Säckingen. His ambition was to become an artist, and so in a new career to escape from the drudgery of the law. In Albano he became acquainted with the circle of German artists and scholars which had accompanied Eduard Engerth and his charming bride into *Sommerfrische* there. Engerth himself has described for us the Scheffel of those days. From his narrative it is only too clear that the concensus of opinion among the friends was that the young man of twenty-six could bring no more than dilettanteish skill to his prospective calling. "What was unusual in this art student was not his artistic capability, rather his enthusiasm and iron will."²⁾ For a time Scheffel lived on, unaware of this feeling among his friends, not realizing his own lack of genius. Finally, however, the truth dawned upon him, and he was overwhelmed with chagrin and grief. He could not understand how his amateur efforts in literature could meet with favor while the art longings of his soul went unappreciated. He grew more and more reserved and thoughtful, and in February, 1853, fled away to Capri to fight out the question by himself. The result was the *Trompeter*. He was not quite sure when he first became possessed of the inspiration for it. Referring to the previous year, he said in a letter³⁾ to Frau von Engerth: "You often rallied me in a friendly way as to the meaning of the furrows which involuntarily creased my forehead. I myself scarcely knew, perhaps it was the beginnings of the *Trompeter* plaguing me even then."

The sources of the work are evident enough. The poetical spirit which animated it came in large part from Heine,⁴⁾ but Tieck and Hoffmann no doubt contributed something to it, especially in the hint for the wonderful tomat, Hiddigegei. The history mixed in came from Scheffel's own researches in the past of Säckingen while stationed as government official there. An epitaph and a local tradition produced the character of Werner Kirchof and his wife, the "handsome Margaretha." To give him a chance to bring his own career in touch with the hero's soul-struggles, Heidelberg was made the starting point of the tale; and Rome and the South was a re-echo of his own happy, and, at the same time, sad sojourn in Italy.

2. Ekkehard.

After his return from Italy, in doubt and uncertainty he began to cast about for something to do. "For the time being I am living in the unendurable position of a man who has no solid ground beneath his feet. I shall not go back to the civil service, am too old for a painter.— evidently there is nothing left but to become a *Privatdozent* or proletariat in Heidelberg."⁵⁾ To avoid the latter fate, and to fit himself for the former, he renewed his studies.

¹⁾ Scheffel, in a letter of April 20, 1854, when he was working on *Ekkehard*, answering a criticism of his friend Müller, says: "Was aber Ihren literarhistorischen Spruch betrifft, dass von dieser Gattung Poesie der Uebergang zum Roman fast naturgemäss sei, so ist der bereits kurz vor Abfassung Ihrer Zeilen zur Wahrheit geworden."

²⁾ "... aber ungewöhnlich war an diesem Schüler der Kunst nicht die künstlerische Kraft, sondern nur die Begeisterung, der eherne Wille."

³⁾ December, 1853.

⁴⁾ Cf. Südel, *Heine's Einfluss auf Scheffel's Dichtungen*; Proelss, p. 267.

⁵⁾ "Ich lebe zur Zeit in der unerträglichen Stellung eines Mannes, der noch keinen Boden unter den Füssen hat. In Staatsdienst geh' ich nicht zurück, zum Maler bin ich zu alt.— bleibt wahrscheinlich nichts übrig als Privatdozent oder Proletarier zu Heidelberg zu werden."

Though he was in the dark as to much concerning himself, he did not for a moment doubt his enthusiasm and certainty in whatever related to the past of German literature and history. If he could find a position to teach, he was safe here.¹⁾

The nature of his researches in Heidelberg centered around what he himself called²⁾ a "*rechtshistorische Abhandlung*,"—a legal-historical treatise, and he went at his task with an industry and thoroughness that always characterized him.³⁾ In 1852 Adolph Holtzmann had been called to the university to fill the chair of German and Sanscrit. Scheffel was personally acquainted with him (both were from Karlsruhe families), and so now made use of the excellent opportunity to refresh his intimacy with Germanic literature. The 50's were years of learned polemical quarrels concerning many Germanic subjects, particularly the Nibelungen, the Waltharius song, and the Latin *Vaganthropoesie*.⁴⁾ Scheffel himself took a hand in the strife and critically investigated the sources of the *Waltharius*, and the history of Ekkehard who was reputed to be the poem's transcriber. He was convinced that the work was of German origin, and with true German enthusiasm he set about translating it into his mother tongue. He was now fired through and through with the romance which he had uncovered in these researches. Pertz's *Monumenta Germanica* had become familiar to him, and in this way the Annals of St Gall, and the story of the monk Ekkehard, who became once more a living, tragic character. "In this figure juristic and Germanistic studies found—a poetical union."⁵⁾ and the "legal-historical treatise" was laid aside to enable its author to frame a conception of German life as it was in the 10th century.

The winter of 1853 saw his interest turned to the new project. He obtained books and material from the Heidelberg library which helped him to facts and fancies; and then in the early spring he was off to the scenes of his romance, to study like a skillful general the *terrain* of the religion. He refers to it in the preface to *Ekkehard*: "And so I reached for my weapon, the steel pen, and one morning said adieu to the folios whence came the forms of my dreams, and strayed away to the soil which Princess Hadwig and her contemporaries had trodden; and sat among the venerable tomes in the library of Saint Gallus, and sailed in a rocking skiff over Lake Constance, and rested by the venerable linden on the side of the Hohentwiel, where now an excellent Swabian magistrate guards the ruins of the old fortress; and finally climbed to the airy Alpine heights of Säntis, where the Wildkirchlein, bold as an eagle's eyrie, looks down upon the green valleys of Appenzell."

He left Heidelberg at the beginning of the Easter vacation. In the letter⁶⁾ to Müller already referred to he says: "And now I am dwelling in a lonesome farmhouse at the foot of the ruins of the Hohentwiel, in order to unburden myself of the impressions of this winter in the form of a novel, or some sort of a narrative. What the result will be I myself can not say with any definiteness; it will depend on the air of Lake Constance, the Alps in the background, and the balmy breezes of the spring, as to what comes out of the egg; if it turns out to be a comely bird, then you'll find me back again with you in the course of the summer, in order to hand him over for slaughter to Meidingers, the printers, if favorable conditions present themselves."

The work did not progress, however, quite so rapidly as he thought at first. Still by the end of the summer it had grown to respectable proportions. In September he took up his residence by the lonely chapel on the Säntis in order "to put the finishing touches to his book amid the grandeur of the mountains," as his mother writes a friend. By late autumn the end was nearly reached; his *Waltharius* translation of 1100 lines, which he now thought of using as a proof of his work in applying for a position in the Polytechnicum at Zurich,⁷⁾ had been incorporated bodily into his romance. By December most of the manuscript was in the hands

1) Letter to the president of the Swiss School Board. Karlsruhe, Dec. 2, 1854.

2) Letter to Müller, April 20, 1854.

3) Dr. Joseph Hürbin in an article on *Ekkehard*, Kath. Schweizer Blätter XI, reasons that this work dealt with *Alemannisches Landrecht*, and this seems extremely probable.

4) The *Carmina Burana*.

5) Proelss, p. 312.

6) April 20, 1854.

7) Brief von 2. Dec. 1854, an den Präsidenten d. Schweiz. Schulrates. — "Ich behalte mir aber vor, Ihnen meine Uebersetzung des Waltharius von Aquitanien, sobald ich sie zugestellt erhalte, mitzutheilen und da ich mir—doch erlaube, diese kleinere Arbeit einem grössern Werke einzuverleihen, so ist daraus vielleicht zu entnehmen, dass ich mir ein sicheres Urtheil in Dingen der älteren deutschen Litteratur zutraue."

of the printer. Then he took a few weeks to work out some historical notes as an appendix, which brought it into February, 1855, before the novel appeared from the press.

3. *Hugideo*.

Ekkehard was the climax of Scheffel's novel-writing. The romances that followed were written in a period when the author's heart was heavy within him, and it is only too evident that their production was labor.

The beginning of the year 1857 found him with his sister Marie in Munich,—the novelist to renew old acquaintances and to busy himself with plans for more romances, and the sister to study art. An idyllic fondness held brother and sister together. Each lived in thoughts and dreams of the other. According to the report of intimate friends, Marie was a remarkably charming, attractive girl, possessing rare and lovable qualities of mind and heart. Felix Dahn says in his "Recollections,"¹⁾ "What a beautiful creature she was!—tall and slender like a Black Forest pine, handsome with splendid golden-brown braids, and of irresistible, winning charm of form and soul."

Life in the great city was bringing new energy and vigor to the brother. He accepted an opportunity to assist Prof. W. H. Riehl in his great literary task of editing a geographical and ethnological work on the Bavarian state and people, but in the very midst of his plans came the terrible blow of Marie's illness and death of typhoid fever. "Now comes death," he wailed, "and snatches my best life away from me, and I do not know whether I can ever touch a pen again or not."²⁾

Heavy and spiritless he returned to Heidelberg, but he could not get back again a real fondness for work. His loss was too great, the blow too deep. Still his second attempt in fiction dates from this time,—the short story, *Hugideo*, a requiem-tale in memory and glorification of the one who was gone. It was written in the summer of 1857, printed for the first in *Westermann's Monatshefte*, October, 1857, but not published by itself till 1883.

4. *Juniperus*.

Scheffel's stay in Donaueschingen, which extended over the year 1858 and into the following spring, was a period of work, but of a clerk-like nature. The only consolation in it all was that it brought him into touch with more of the old German sources in which some of his novel plans were centering. As he worked among the manuscripts, he came upon many hints that seemed full of romantic promise. Particularly clear was the vision of the Swabian knight who journeyed in quest of adventure to the Holy Land. Many old legends concerning the Danube and its source came in contact with this knight's history; likewise a bit of buried pathos in his own life undoubtedly contributed to it, as Proelss indicates;³⁾—at any rate, from the greater hopes and studies came, in 1858, *Juniperus*, *Geschichte eines Kreuzfahrers*, not, however, to be printed in book form till 1866.

5. *Fragments*.

Scheffel instinctively felt that his talent for fiction lay in the field of the historical novel, and all of his studies and plans grouped themselves around historical material. In the creative period of his life between 1850–60 he cherished hopes for a number of such works, and made more or less extensive researches in preparation for them; these plans crossed, meteor-like, the path of his regular tasks for a time, then disappeared forever.

Ekkehard was hardly completed before a new work began to take shape in his thoughts; the study had the genial south for its background, but the hint for it, came from a German artist. Young Anselm Feuerbach, who had set up a studio in Karlsruhe, had recently finished a picture which he called "The Death of Pietro Aretino." Its clever conception and freedom from conventional trammels appealed to Scheffel, and aroused the magic of his fancy. The

1) Bd. 3, *Erinnerungen*, p. 235. Leipzig, 1890–95. "Was war es für ein herrliches Geschöpf! Schlank und hoch wie eine Schwarzwaldtanne, schön mit ihren prachtvollen goldbraunen Flechten, und von herzwinnender, unwiderstehlicher Anmuth des Laibes und mehr noch der Seele."

2) "Jetzt kommt der Tod und reisst mir mein bestes Leben von der Seite und ob ich je wieder eine Feder anrühren kann, weiss ich nicht."

3) Chapter, *—Dichter und Bibliothekar*, p. 469.

trip to Italy, which he made in company with the artist, was a further inspiration; but in the art atmosphere of Venice the current of his imagination changed; instead of continuing to plan how he might frame the cynical Aretino as a heroic figure in a picture of Italian life, he began to have visions of the master, Titian, and his charming pupil, Irene di Spilimbergo, an intellectual paragon of the new era in Italian letters. Here was material full of poesy, romance, and "culture-history;" it appealed to his artistic imagination, and not far in the future he saw a great work incorporating the wonderful careers of these three characters.

Sickness in Venice was an interruption; and he came back to Germany with nothing but the outlines of the novel and the historical studies for it. He carried these like a burden to Munich, probably beginning to realize, as Bernays suggests (*Rede auf Scheffel*), the absence in it of any tangible "heimisch-national" elements. When Marie died, all hold that the material had upon him was broken. "Is it not portentous that in Munich I had begun a work in which in the guise of Titian's pupil, Irene, I was going to describe the brilliancy of a noble, youthfully developed, beautiful feminine personality, devoted to art and literature, and I said to Marie: 'If any worth gets into it, it will be due to you.' But she had to die early, this muse of my pen!"¹⁾ *Irene von Spielberg* remained a withered hope.

It seems that his journey into the south of France in the summer of 1856 brought him more clearly in touch with other material that likewise busied him for some time.²⁾ He thought he saw his way clear to a great novel which should worthily portray the struggles of the Albigenses against the Inquisition, and his sister Marie should serve as model for the heroine. Felix Dahn had the pleasure of reading the beginning. "The very first chapter was of entrancing beauty; it described the worship of the poor, devout mountain shepherds, when, longing to get away from the degenerate, hypocritical, and worldly condition of the state church, they had climbed from the valley to the highest peaks of the mountains, where they were worshiping without church or altar, in consecrated devotion, at sunrise, when they were surprised by the spies of the Inquisition.—"³⁾

It is not quite clear just whence Scheffel received the first incentive to this task. It is possible, because of the calamitous outcome of his last Italian journey, that he felt a need to hie away again to some place where he could luxuriate once more in imposing historical associations which should invigorate his tired mind with new impressions. Avignon and Provence must long have been known to him as a mine of history, poetry, and *culturgeschichtlichen* romance. Tieck, in his *Anfuhr in den Cevennen* (1826), had already called attention to the possibilities of similar material, and several historical works of direct interest had recently appeared.⁴⁾ It is also possible that his *Ekkehard* studies and their ramifications in historical and ecclesiastical directions, may have called his attention in a special way to the south of France and the Albigenses trouble. Some think, too, that in the "Lichtenthaler Villegiatur"⁵⁾ he possibly fed his gloominess of soul with Lenau's poetry, and thus received an inspiration through his *Die Albigenser* (1842). That Scheffel felt the charm of Lenau's epic songs of the region may be inferred from the way he brings in a quotation from *Klara Hebert* (*Cisteron*) almost at the very beginning of his travel sketch, *Avignon*, August, 1857:—

"Heisser glüht der Kuss der Sonne
Auf den blumenreichen Matten.
Süssre Labung rauscht die Quelle,
Kühler säuseln hier die Schatten."

1) "Ist es nicht ein Verhängniss, dass ich in München eine Arbeit begann, drin ich allen Glanz einer edlen, jugendschönen, der Kunst zugewandten Weiblichkeit in Gestalt von Titian's Schülerin Irene schildern wollte und zu Marien sagte: 'Wenn was Gutes hineinkommt ist's von Dir.' Aber sie muss früh sterben, die Gestalt meiner Dichtung." Quoted by Ruhemann, p. 268.

2) In *Westermann's Monatshefte* for April, August, and September, 1857, we find travel articles describing this trip.

3) "Gleich das erste Kapitel, welches den Gottesdienst der frommen, armen Berghirten schildert, wie sie, aus den faulen, beuchlerischen und verweltlichen Zuständen der Staatskirche hinweg nach reinerer Gottesverehrung sich sehnd, aus dem Thal emporsteigen auf den höchsten Gipfel der Berge und hier ohne Kirche und Altar, bei'm Aufgang der Sonne ihre weihvolle Andacht verrichten, wobei sie dann von den Spähern der Inquisition überrascht werden, war von hinreissender Schönheit."

4) Hahn—*Geschichte der Ketzer im Mittelalter* Stuttgart, 1845. Schmidt—*Histoire et Doctrine de la Secte des Cathares ou Albigeois*, Strassburg, 1849.

5) Scheffel spent a few months in Lichtenthal near Baden Baden in the spring of 1856, trying to get rid of his melancholy and other mental ills. In a letter of March 2, 1856, he says: "Mein ganzes Nervenleben ist durch die übertriebene Arbeit am Ekkehard zerrüttet, und ich bedarf wohl noch Jahr und Tag um mich zu erholen, wenn nicht ein zweiter Anfall mein armes Hirn für immer in Ruhestand versetzt."

The last of the descriptive articles growing out of this excursion in the Provence, *Ein Tag am Quell von Vaucluse*, September, 1857, is mostly an enthusiastic study of Petrarch, who is closely connected with the story of the papal days in Avignon. Perhaps this enthusiasm, at first aroused in Italy, may also have charmed him to this region, and incidentally led him to the story material and plan. But he never carried it far enough for one to get at any definite facts concerning it, and conjectures as to its real source are like making *Quellenstudien* over a work that never existed. Whatever it was, and as hopeful as was its prospect, it, like *Irene von Spielberg*, collapsed at his sister's death.

During this same time the shadows of two or three novels were flitting through his mind, and giving direction to his studies and researches. But sickness, melancholy, feverish restlessness, inability to see himself in the careers of his characters, held him back. Only when he detected the possibility to let the form of his sister delineate for him his female types, did real zest in creation come, and her death was an early frost to all his hopes.¹⁾ For a time, also, he had thought of making the bold figure of Georg Frundsberg, a renowned soldier of fortune, the hero of a romance; but eventually this plan, too, was dropped.

Proelss, in his biography of Scheffel, has a vast chapter which he calls "Under the Spell of the Wartburg" (*Im Banne der Wartburg*), and a striking designation it is for that period of the novelist's life which fell between the years after his return from Munich and the beginning of the 60's. The Thuringian Forest and the Wartburg were well known to him; the Commandant of the fortress, Herr von Arnswald, was an old friend of the family, and in the fall of 1857 Scheffel was for a time the guest of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar there. During his sojourn in Donaueschingen he kept in close touch with the castle, and gradually his fancy came to feel the hold of the history and story that centered around the old landmark. From now on, he lived "under the spell of the Wartburg" in reality, and pondered as to how he might write something which should be quite "*wartburgmässig*,"²⁾ — worthy of the place.

Now and then during the pauses in his librarian duties in Donaueschingen, he worked on this plan, and from his letters one may see what his intention was. November, 1857, he wrote to Maler Ille in Munich: "I was at the Wartburg in September of this year, and again later, and was delighted with the wonderfully beautiful frescoes. The 'Singers' Hall,' with the great picture of the Singers' Strife, has awakened in me a desire to sketch with a pen those times of the year 1207, which Herr von Schmidt has done with the brush." This was the real beginning of his work on the Wartburg novel. It seems quite probable, however, that his first lively interest in the material came through his studies and investigations in Middle High German literature. To a poetic, imaginative mind such as his, the *Singerkrieg* could not have failed to bring to him all sorts of literary suggestions. It is also possible that later work in the same field may have influenced or increased this interest. Novalis' *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* was undoubtedly well known to him,³⁾ and probably Hoffmann's *Der Kampf der Söner*; and from his Heidelberg days the epoch-making work of Richard Wagner had caught his attention: the *Fliegende Holländer* had once put him on the track of a song. *Tannhäuser* came out in 1845, but if it affected him in a literary way, it only served to turn his attention more positively to the figure of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, which he thought offered unusual possibilities. We have a reference to the singer and his trial of skill by Scheffel as early as 1853,⁴⁾ and when he came "under the spell of the Wartburg" in reality, Heinrich again haunted him among other shadowy forms.

In the last days of 1858 he sent word to Arnswald at the castle: "In May, please God, I shall leave here, following the route of the old Nibelungen journeys toward Passau and Austria — there is a fine story, how Heinrich von Ofterdingen discovered in Passau the Nibelungenlied after he was vanquished in the first Singers' Strife; from there I shall come by the way of Nürnberg to the Wartburg."⁵⁾

1) Proelss, p. 477.

2) Letter of Oct. 8, 1857, to Commandant Arnswald.

3) Letter to Frau Engerth already referred to.

4) Chapter 23 of *Ekkehard* contains several allusions to the wonderful "blaue Blume."

5) Im Mai geh' ich — so Gott will, droben ab, begeben mich auf die alte Nibelungenfährte nach Passau und Oesterreich — es gibt eine schöne Episode wie Heinrich von Ofterdingen, nachdem er im ersten Söngerstreit unterlegen, in Passau das Nibelungenlied entdeckt — von dort komme ich über Nürnberg auf die Wartburg."

He also wrote in a similar strain about the same time to the Grand Duke of Weimar: Simrock's text of the *Siegerkrieg* which has recently appeared has given him many new hints, but he is somewhat anxious as to how the "*spielende Hand*,"—the fanciful hand of the poet will manage the matter. But at any rate Wagner's *Tannhäuser* will not be a model!¹⁾

From all this one sees he was not sparing of pains. He followed up with great carefulness every historical and literary hint which had to do with the fanciful subject in any way, and worked out and tramped over the topography of the region from the Danube to Thuringia. The form of a maiden had also taken shape in the material, and the pangs of unrequited love were to give the whole an element of tragedy. But from various causes the work dragged. The songs which were published (1863) under the title *Frau Aventiure*, were originally intended as a part of it, and even after that date he now and then recurred to the plan. Still nothing ever came of it.

It is interesting to see how Scheffel's material for his novels was interwoven and related. Each thread seemed to lead him to some other thread, and none ever formed part of any complete fabric. His painstaking studies over Heinrich von Ofterdingen and the Minnesingers brought him to a new character, Meister Konrad, of fame also in Middle High German literature,—a character which seemed to contain hints for an interesting romance. This idea took shape sometime in the year 1859. His plan was for his defeated minstrel, Heinrich, to find the memoirs of Master Konrad containing the story of how he came to write the Nibelungen.²⁾ This, clothed in the costume of that literary renaissance, would be a valuable contribution to history and literature. In one shape or another this busied him off and on for the next few years, but gradually he found himself engulfed in it as in quicksand. "I have been fast in it now five years, and my goal is still in the far distance."³⁾

After his death, this notice made the rounds of the newspapers: "Das Vorhandensein eines mehrbändigen kulturgeschichtlichen Romans unter dem Nachlasse Victor v. Scheffel's ist Thatsache. Derselbe hat Meister Konrad zum Helden, der nach dem Schluss des 'Ekkehard' Verfasser des Nibelungenliedes sein soll, und wird,—so war es der Wille des Verstorbenen—nach seinem Tode erscheinen.—The existence of an historical novel of several volumes among the papers of Victor von Scheffel is a fact. This work has for its hero Master Konrad, who according to the conclusion of Ekkehard was the writer of the Nibelungenlied, and it is to appear after his death, as he desired."

In regard to this rumor Captain Klose, a near friend of Scheffel's, wrote: "On the other hand, he has made considerable progress with another historical novel, *Meister Konrad* (time of Emperor Otto I, battle of Lechfeld), as I can say with certainty, for he has read to me all that he has written. However, this novel is also not entirely finished, and so it never could have occurred to the author to have entered into any arrangement by which the work in question should be published after his death."⁴⁾

1) "Richard Wagner's Tannhäuser-Text steht als warnende Confusion vor mir."

2) Proelss, p. 517.

3) Letter July 16, 1863, to Dr. Barack in Donaueschingen.

4) "Dagegen hat er (Dr. von Scheffel) einen anderen historischen Roman, den Meister Cuonradus—Zeiten des Kaisers Otto I, Schlacht auf dem Lechfeld—ziemlich weit gebracht, wie ich mit Bestimmtheit versichern kann, da er mir Alles, was er in demselben ausgeführt, vorgelesen hat. Vollständig zu Ende geführt ist aber auch dieser Roman nicht, und so konnte es dem Verfasser ja niemals in den Sinn kommen eine Verfügung zu treffen, wonach das fragliche Werk nach seinem Tode sollte herausgegeben werden." Quoted by Zernin.

CHAPTER IV.

His Conception of the Purpose of the Novel.

AT heart Scheffel was romantic; and his fondness for historical, better said "culture-historical" studies sprang from a deep poetical understanding and interpretation of the material they revealed to him. That he should turn to historical fiction was not accidental—it was inevitable. A statement in one of his early letters¹⁾ shows the presence even in his student days of the romance-making spirit within him. "When I buried myself in the old documents I did not ask in what legal pigeonhole this and that belonged, but rather who were the people who ordered matters thus, and what led them to do it? How did they look? how did they think and feel? what was their conversation and domestic life? And I could not rest till I had a living picture of them in my soul." In the *Trompeter von Säkkingen* we have embryonic beginnings of a desire and ability to restore old and faded pictures; but *Ekkehard* was his first novel, at once an earnest of his genius and an exposition of his literary creed.

In our introductory chapter we formulated this conclusion: The novel is expected to give a picture of human life, set in possible and actual conditions. To accomplish this the historical novelist may use means peculiar to his task, but is in no way absolved from faithfulness. From a study and comparison of Scheffel's statements on the subject we may infer that he accepted such a view unreservedly. In the preface to *Ekkehard* he tells how the "historical resurrection" of the past may be properly accomplished:—

"To be sure only when a creative, restorative fancy is left unhindered in her rights, when he who digs out old bones at the same time breathes upon them with the breath of a living soul, so that they arise and walk about with firm steps, like dead men brought to life,—in this sense only can the historical novel become what epic poetry was in the fresh youth of the races.—a bit of national history in the conception of the artist, who reviews in a limited space a series of figures clearly defined and colored: in other words, when the aspect of the period is mirrored in the life and struggles and suffering of the individual."²⁾

And again in a letter³⁾ already cited, referring to his own intentions with *Ekkehard*:—

"The tenth century, it is true, lies somewhat outside the paths of our stories and novels: but I intend to fish out of that rough, strong, progressive age a few fellows who will appear quite natural and well preserved."

In order that a living, human atmosphere might surround his characters, he went to endless pains to saturate himself with the feeling and thinking of the period in which he worked. Till he felt this himself he could not presume to be faithful to his task, or the age in which his task was centered. To illustrate, he once wrote to Schwanitz: ⁴⁾ "At present I am slowly working myself into the spirit and manner of the thirteenth century. . . . It would be a delight to begin soon on the working-out process."

In the introduction to *Juniperus* he professes the same laborious method, paying delightful eulogy to the theories of old Johannes Aventinus, who believed that an accurate

¹⁾ To professor Kläiber in Stuttgart. "Wenn ich mich in die alten Urkunden vertiefte, fragte ich nicht, in welche juristische Rubrik ich das und das einzureihen, sondern, wer sind die Menschen gewesen, die das so geordnet, und was hat sie dazu getrieben? Wie haben sie ausgesehen, wie ist ihr Denken und Fühlen, ihr Reden und Zusammenleben gewesen? Und ich konnte nicht ruhen, bis ich ein lebendiges Bild von ihnen in der Seele hatte."

²⁾ "Gewisslich nur dann, wenn einer schöpferisch wiederherstellenden Phantasie ihre Rechte nicht verkümmert werden, wenn der, der die alten Gebeine ausgräbt, sie zugleich auch mit dem Atemzug einer lebendigen Seele anhaucht, auf dass sie sich erheben und kräftigen Schrittes als auferweckte Tote einherwandeln. In diesem Sinn nur kann der historische Roman das sein, was in blühender Jugendzeit der Völker die epische Dichtung: ein Stück nationaler Geschichte in der Auffassung des Künstlers, der im gegebenen Raume eine Reihe Gestalten scharf zeichnet und farbenhell vorüberführt, also dass im Leben und Ringen und Leiden der einzelnen zugleich der Inhalt des Zeitraumes sich wie zum Spiegelbild zusammenfasst."

³⁾ "Das 10. Jahrhundert liegt freilich etwas seitab von den Pfaden unserer Novellen, Romane, etc., aber ich gedenke aus jener rohen werdenden starken Zeit ein paar Bursche herauszufischen, die sich ganz natürlich und wohl conservirt ausnehmen sollten."

⁴⁾ "Ich arbeite mich gegenwärtig langsam in Geist und Art des XIII. Jahrhunderts ein. . . . es wäre mir eine Freude, bald an die Ausarbeitung zu gehen."

chronicler and teacher should know more than the lore of books, and do more than compile manuscripts, chronicles, rhymes, songs, adventures, and the lives of the saints,—he must himself experience “heat and cold, sweat and dust, rain and snow, winter and summer.” wander through cities and distant regions and everywhere observe what is going on about him. Scheffel acknowledged that he followed the same rule, and as he wandered he asked himself this question:—

“How did things actually go in detail in this castle, this cloister, in this village, then, when Frederick Barbarossa was getting ready for the great crusade? Or to put it in another way, how did knighthood live and love at that time within the narrow bounds of this Aleman-nian land?”¹⁾

And since history did not tell, he took a novelist's privilege to answer the query in his own way, hoping “to bring before his readers who presumed to understand history, not intangible phantasms nor dried-up mummies in glass cases, but living beings out of the olden time.” And again he says: “My intention was always to place every century before the eyes of after ages in the totality of the culture which it itself produced.”

From these quotations it will be seen that exact faithfulness was one of the fundamental principles of Scheffel's fiction.

As a writer, Scheffel never forgot that he was responsible to his public—to his readers whom he called his friends. Probably no novelist ever had a more delicate and subtle appreciation of the demands of literature from the reader's standpoint than he; and no one ever kept in mind more clearly the way in which this good feeling between reader and writer could be sustained and promoted. Not a small part of his popularity with his countrymen may be traced to this instinctive feeling of literary *noblesse oblige*.

Gebhard Zernin²⁾ tells in his “memories of Scheffel” with what delight the author received each new evidence that he was not forgotten or his work unappreciated. In regard to *Ekkehard* he was particularly sensitive.³⁾ It was a proof of his theories and his power, and in his opinion represented what might be favorably received in the field of historical fiction. But as we have seen, the novelist must do more than strive to be faithful in the coloring of his picture, he ought to do his work in an attractive and instructive way. The aim and purpose of the novel is to please and instruct. In the historical novel extended opportunity for instruction gives such fiction a unique literary value and place. What was Scheffel's theory concerning this?

At the very beginning of his preface to *Ekkehard* he makes appropriate mention of the revival of interest among scholars for the “soil of the Middle Ages,” which has been burrowed through and through in every direction until a mass of material is exposed to view. And yet these scholars have not succeeded in arousing in extended circles any thorough-going “delight” in this historical past. Their numberless volumes rest dusty and untouched upon the shelves, and it is not unthinkable to find some fine morning that all has dropped back into oblivion again. The passion for making antiquarian collections, like that of heaping up gold, is valueless unless the product is smelted over,—and refined. This involves accuracy and conscientious work,—such work as the historical novelist must do before his labor will stand “as the compeer of history.” From this it follows that Scheffel would let the historical novel teach without being pedantic and ponderous,—above all would have it permeated with a “lively and attractive spirit:” in other words, as he himself says, be “a restoration of the joyful, easy, poetical way of looking at things.”⁴⁾

Yes, Scheffel knew very well that cold, *savant*-like faithfulness was not sufficient for a novelist in the field which he had chosen; one might master it completely as far as the historical matter was concerned, and yet lose his hold upon public interest. This fear haunted him constantly. A few years later, when he was deep in plans for other romances, he remarked in a letter: “Before one can come up with Hutten, for example, one imagines he

1) “Wie mag es damals, als Friedrich der Rothbart zur grossen Kreuzfahrt rüstete, in Einzelnen auf dieser Burg, in diesem Kloster gegangen sein? Oder mit andern Worten: wie lebte und liebte damals, im engen Rahmen dieser alemannischen Landstriche die ritterliche Gesellschaft?”

2) Gebhard Zernin, — *Erinnerungen an Dr. Joseph Victor v. Scheffel*. II Auflage, Darmstadt und Leipzig, 1887.

3) Zernin p. 19.

4) “Zur Herstellung fröhlicher, unbefangener von Poesie verklärter Anschauung der Dinge möchte nun auch die vorliegende Arbeit einen Beitrag geben.”

must torment himself with philology and history of literature till he crushes within him the simple knowledge that he is dealing with sparkling, brilliant intellect which is to flash on through the years."¹⁾

It was his fondest hope that his work might be helpful and instructive to his countrymen: he was proud of his race and every corner of the Fatherland — he would make his readers so. In 1866, in the midst of troublous times, he gave to the public *Juniperus*, which his artist friend, von Werner, had illustrated. In the closing lines of the introduction to the story he says:—

“May this kindly intentioned work of both the writer and the artist find its way through this serious time! And now that an iron road of peace has been completed in the very days of war, and the puffing of the locomotive is heard along the meadow lands of the Hegau up to the very peak of the Neuenhewen, may this work induce many readers to enjoy the peculiar beauty of those heights and valleys and the neighboring Wutachthal; and may it at the same time show that the honest German heart knows nothing, and will know nothing, of hatred, separation, and fratricidal broils, and that a man from the Upper Rhine and a man from the Oder have worked together in good comradeship on a work of German art!”²⁾

CHAPTER V.

Treatment of Plot.

ALTHOUGH Scheffel busied himself through a period of thirty years with material and plans for novel-writing, yet he actually accomplished but little,—only four tales, if we include the *Trompeter*, coming from his pen. Fragments enough, however, and traces of fragments, as we noticed in a previous chapter, indicate the vastness of his ambitions, and show how great was the shipwreck of his hopes.

A study of Scheffel's plots is attended with much dissatisfaction and discouragement. While he made clear enough in a general way his theory as to the aim and purpose of his fiction, nowhere, either in letter or preface, does he express in detail any views as to the technique of his art, or give any hint as to the principles he followed. What his views were must be determined almost entirely from the way they are reflected in his works, and here results are unsatisfactory because of the nature of the material at our disposal. The *Trompeter von Sickingen* is a romance in verse; *Huguleo* is a sketch of scarcely 3,000 words, and *Juniperus*, hardly with propriety to be called a novel, in length as stories go, very easily given in two numbers of any popular magazine. To make any of these, particularly *Huguleo* and *Juniperus*, serve as a hard and fast basis for a study of plot is manifestly unfair, for their author himself never regarded them as more than suggestions of novels, and was as aware of their structural incompleteness as anyone. His only hope was that the conditions under which they were given to the world might in a sense excuse their imperfections.

Of necessity, therefore, *Ekkehard* must be the chief basis of any study of Scheffel's fiction, for it is in reality the only *novel* he wrote, and it alone represents him in his full

¹⁾ “. . . Bis Einer jetzt z. B. dem Hutten beikommen will, meint er sich durch Philologie und Litteraturhistorie so lang durchschinden zu müssen, bis ihm die einfache Erkenntniss, dass es sich um sprühenden blitzenden, in's Jahrhundert hinein wetterleuchtenden Geist handelt, schier zu Tode gequetscht ist.”

²⁾ “Möge nun die freundlich gemeinte Doppelarbeit des Dichters und des Malers unbefangenen ihren Weg suchen durch die von ersten Stimmungen bewegte Zeit; möge sie, nachdem mitten in Tagen der Kriegsbedrängniss ein Schlenkerweg des Friedens vollendet worden und des Dampfrosses Schnauben nunmehr das hegauische Wiesen-gelände entlang bis zum Gipfel des Neuenhewen hinaufschritzt, manch einen Leser veranlassen, sich der eigenartigen Schönheit jener Höhen und Thäler und des benachbarten Wutachthales zu erfreuen;—möge sie zugleich Zeug-niss ablegen, dass ehrliche deutsche Herzen Nichts wissen und Nichts wissen wollen von Hass, Trennung, und Bruderzwist und dass hier ein Mann vom Oberrhein und ein Mann von der Oder in guter Kameradschaft zusammen-gearbeitet haben an einem Werke deutscher Kunst.”

strength and vigor. No matter what his hopes and ambitions were, *Ekkehard* was his only masterpiece, as the term goes. But before we take up any analysis of its plot it may be well to give briefly the intrigue of the other works; they are, after all, interesting and suggestive, and we shall now and again refer to them.

1. Der Trompeter von Säkkingen.

Werner Kirchof is a law student, of romantic spirit and trumpet-blowing tastes. Banished from Heidelberg, yet unconcerned as to the future, he rides across the Black-Forest to Säkkingen on the Rhine, which he enters on St. Fridolinus' Day. Here he finds service with a baron whose castle overlooks the river, and an attachment springs up between him and the nobleman's only daughter. It is an ill-starred love, however, for the Baron will know nothing of a son-in-law who is not his daughter's equal in birth and position. Thus rejected by the father, the young man refuses to stay longer, and rides away.

Margaretha, the daughter, pines over the separation, and to get the roses back into her cheeks accompanies a friendly abbess on a journey to Rome. There, as luck would have it, in St. Peter's she beholds her lover again as *Capellmeister*.—director of the Papal choir. The Pope learns of their feeling for each other, ennobles Werner, joins the reunited couple in marriage, and they journey contentedly homeward to Säkkingen on the Rhine.

2. Hugideo.

A. D. 450 a stranger named Hugideo, in appearance a Roman, takes up his abode as a hermit in a rocky retreat overlooking the Rhine. The sole treasure that he possesses is the marble bust of a beautiful Roman maiden. Not far from his cell is a spit of sand upon which the river casts up bodies which now and then come floating down from the Helvetian land. These Hugideo buries with the help of a friendly salmon fisher.

The Huns on their way back from an inroad into France destroy and burn the Roman stronghold of Augusta Rauracorum. The next morning the body of a girl rests on the sand below the hermit's cell. She bears a strange resemblance to the bust which he guards,—and at midnight he buries her in one of two ready graves. The following day a dead Roman is cast up on the sand, but when Hugideo sees the body, he gives it up to the river again. Then he kills himself, and the fisherman lays him to rest by the side of the Roman maiden.

3. Juniperus.

Gottfried, or Juniperus, as his school fellows call him, is the son of a knight and vassal of Neuenhewen in the Hegau, and receives his schooling in the monastery at Rheinau. During his school days he and his bosom companion, Diethelm von Blumenegg, are smitten by the charms of a maiden, Rothraut von Almshofen. This leads to quarrels and bloodshed between the two, finally to the ordeal of shooting the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, where Diethelm loses his life. Juniperus is rescued by the monks at Rheinau. As penance, the abbot lays a vow of silence upon him for two years, and banishes him from his fatherland. He makes his way to the Holy Land, takes part in a siege, is wounded, and afterward carried with other wounded knights to Mount Carmel. When convalescent, he relates there this story of his life.

4. Ekkehard.

Hadwig, the young and widowed Duchess of Swabia, with her faithful Greek maid, Praxedis, and her attendants, visits the monastery of St. Gallen, where her cousin is abbot. As gift from the monastery the imperious noblewoman demands Ekkehard, the handsome and somewhat sentimental brother who acts as porter, for her Latin teacher in her castle on the Hohentwiel. This request is reluctantly granted by the abbot, and in due time Ekkehard takes up his abode in the Princess' castle. The text-book of instruction is Virgil, and with the Latin lessons love secretly, but surely, enters the old fortress. The Duchess with coquettish arts tries to cast her spell over her dreamy teacher: but at first he is irresponsive, meeting her ardent advances coldly, without feeling, without knowing.

But the Hohentwiel is also the scene of other romance: Audifax, an orphan lad, and Hadumoth a little girl who herds geese, cling to each other with touching, childlike affection. Audifax dreams of buried treasure with which he may buy their freedom. Time passes; Christmas comes, the winter is over; the love of the children endures, but the Duchess' love begins to take on a bitter flavor on account of the monk's obtuseness.

With the spring come the Huns to waste the valley of the Rhine. As a faithful guardian of the land in the Emperor's stead, Frau Hadwig will offer resistance to the last. Ekkehard, by her order, takes counsel with the Old Man in the Heathens' Cave; the monks from Reichenau and St. Gallen arrive, and all is bustle and warlike preparation.

When the Huns put in an appearance, they find the castle in readiness, and on the plains below they meet their first defeat, and one of their number, Cappan, is left as a prisoner. But as they move on they carry Audifax with them. When he is missed, Hadumoth goes to seek him, and actually finds him in the Hunnish camp. He succeeds in escaping with her, carrying away the whole treasure of the invaders. Upon their return the Duchess gives them their freedom.

Cappan in time turns Christian, and is married to "tall Friderun" of the castle household.

The love which kindled in Frau Hadwig's heart smoulders to a spark; she becomes austere and bitter toward Ekkehard, who now feels his own nature possessed by a consuming passion for her. Various things occur. Gunzo, a Belgian monk, writes a lampoon against Ekkehard; the Abbot of Reichenau, jealous of his possible influence over the Duchess, watches him suspiciously; in a story-telling entertainment he shows no spirit or resource, only delivering himself of a silly allegory in which a poor moth meets its fate in the flame of a candle. Love has conquered him, confused him. That night he encounters the Duchess, who has come to pray at her husband's grave in the chapel of the castle. A scene full of intense passion on his part, of relenting kindness on hers; then she rebels against his mad embraces — the door opens, Rudimann of Reichenau, Ekkehard's enemy, and the hostile abbot appear with the cry of "Sacrilegium!" Aided by Praxedis, that night Ekkehard flees.

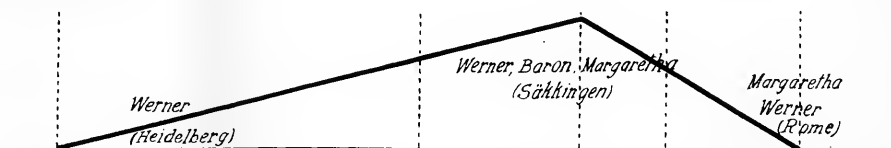
In the distant mountains among the shepherds there is a little chapel that needs a priest, — Ekkehard begins life anew there far from the world, and in his leisure hours writes the Waltharius epic. When the Alpine summer comes to a close, he takes his staff and scrip and wanders forth, but his steps turn toward Swabia.

One evening Frau Hadwig, moody and sad, sits in the twilight and looks toward the Helvetian Alps. Suddenly out of the shadows is the swish of an arrow, and a shaft with parchment wrapped around it falls at her feet. It is the Waltharius tale; and on the first page the words: "A farewell greeting to the Duchess of Swabia! 'Blessed is the man who endureth temptation.'"

* * *

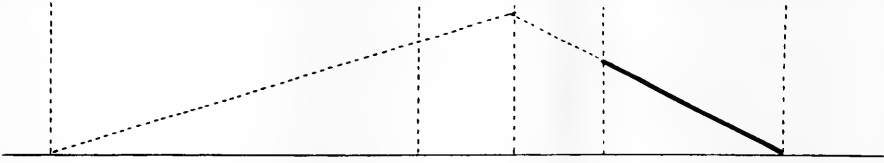
It may be well now to study more carefully the plot in Scheffel's work.

In the *Trompeter* we have in reality but three active characters (not counting in the cat!), and only in the middle of the story do these come in contact. We have first Werner and his career up to the time he meets the Baron; then leading up to and including the climax Werner, Margaretha, and the Baron; in the conclusion, Margaretha's trip to Rome, and Margaretha and Werner.

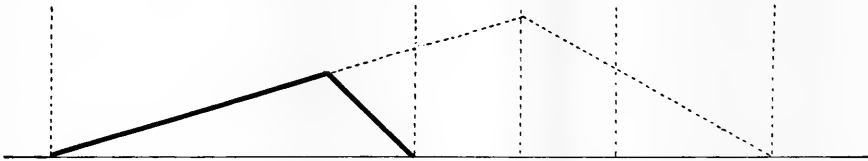


In *Hugideo* there is no plot, we have only the last chapter of a romance which must be restored in the imagination. A character is suddenly brought by itself upon the stage; his actions and thoughts are studied for a time, then his career is cut short in a tragic way.

That is all. Naturally no novel here, not even a short story — the story is already lived out. — we have nothing but the conclusion. In some such way as this we may represent the structure:



In *Juniperus* we have the exact reverse: the beginning of a novel, but no adequate conclusion. Still the work is developed far enough to give an idea of the possibilities in the material. And here, too, the *apparat* of the plot is more in evidence, yet only in a rudimentary way. There are no stories within stories, — no side characters in a proper sense to give complexity and breadth to the narrative, — merely the adventures of *Juniperus*, — he himself is the sole *motif*. This shows in the way the story ends, — breaks off, would be a better term. If we take *Juniperus* as it is, as a *novelle* rather than a novel, then the course of the plot reaches its climax in the ordeal on the Rhine, and the banishment of the hero is the solution. If, however, we regard the story from the broader standpoint of the novel, then it is manifestly incomplete, forming simply the beginning of a romance, exactly as if we should take the first seven chapters of *Elkehard*, and give them forth as a complete tale.



As anyone who is familiar with *Elkehard* will observe, the structural framework is on the whole simple and evident enough, the underlying motive going back in its suggestion to the history of Abelard and Heloise. In order to make up for the lack of complexity, various underplots and episodes are introduced, some being closely connected with the central action, a few belonging more to the *mise en scène*. To the necessary, utilitarian incidents may be reckoned Rudimann and his intriguing animosity, Romeias and Praxedis, Audifax and Hadumoth, the coming of the Huns, and the chapter devoted to story telling; in the other category one may place the parts of Wiborad, Moengal, Cappan, the Old Man of the Cave, and Gunzo.

It is worthy of note that some of these supplementary episodes are pure inventions, with no, or at least very little, connection with the sources which gave Scheffel his primal inspiration; they seem to spring directly from the author's instinctive feeling that some counterpoise or offset for the leading plot and its movement is demanded by the novel's requirements as a *Kunstwerk*.¹⁾ That this was no wrong impulse may be seen from the artistic success with which the most of these episodes are worked out.

In our introduction we sought to show that the greatest danger for the historical novelist is either in dealing in an unhistorical, misleading way with characters already historically *inscenirt*, or in being faithful to their actual history, but unable to support them properly in plot and treatment. No doubt Scheffel thought he was avoiding this pitfall, and regarded his chief characters as so vaguely historical that it would be no trouble to "stage" them. He trusted to his ability to take them, chronicles and all, and under the spell of his poetic treatment²⁾ invigorate them with a new life. He would remold them in a plastic way, and yet utilize the sources from which they came with rigid tenacity. — Several writers, Ziel among them, commend the way Scheffel avoided the technical snares which his historical material contained; in their opinion it was due entirely to the fact that his leading characters imposed

¹⁾ Ziel also in *Litt. Reliefs*. II. Reihe. — Scheffel, puts forward this view.

²⁾ "... von Poesie verklärter Anschauung der Dinge."

no heavy obligation upon him. But this was not the trouble. With Scheffel it was not so much the characters themselves as the documents, chronicles, and traditions in which these characters were found. He revered these things more than the personages themselves. Ziel acknowledges this when he says, "Scheffel shows in this model romance a great deference for the historical materials."¹⁾ And he never changed at this point; in *Juniperus* we have comparative freedom and play of the imagination, but *Juniperus* is only a fragment — an introduction to some greater romance which never saw the light. His inability to tear himself completely loose from actual history, taking an idea rather than a fact, free characters rather than characters in chronicles, brought him later untold calamity. He thought he could not write until he had certain forms in their complete historical relations before him, but before these forms had taken tangible shape, he was caught in the meshes of the multitudinous historical connections which he would not give up, and yet could not follow out. As his most successful biographer says, "The goals which he now and then saw in the course of his researches, like bewildering *fata morgana* in the distance, led him farther and farther away into by path which turned aside from the main object."²⁾

A good deal, therefore, in the plot of *Ekkehard* which strikes the critical reader as angular is to be traced to Scheffel's poetical deference for the materials he found, and the peculiar way in which they were arranged and connected. As we have said, at first sight the problem of the *Handlung* looked as simple as the record in the original annals: Ekkehard, young, cultured, and romantic, becomes tutor to the imperious Duchess of Swabia, who as a widow rules over the land from the stronghold of the Hohentwiel. Here lay the main hint for the intrigue of the story, yet it was a hint which in and of itself promised no easy task in its working out, for the outcome of such a love affair would be attended with obvious difficulties. But before we discuss this further let us carefully observe the management of the plot from the standpoint of literary technique.

In our first chapter we remarked that the introduction to a novel must be so managed that interest shall be awakened from the very first page, and continue with increasing hold up to the highest level, the turning point in the story's development. To meet the conditions of its being, the novel must be dominated by an all-pervading interest. This is best conserved by making its structure follow the lines of dramatic narrative as regards beginning, climax, and conclusion. These must be adequately wrought out, satisfying both art and reason. From its very nature the historical novel may exert a unique interest, but this interest is subject to the regular methods of fiction.

How does the plot of *Ekkehard* meet these demands?

Scheffel's first chapter is introduced in the conventional manner by a page or two of most delightful landscape description, not enough to tire, rather just enough to attract and charm. There in the midst of the Hegau we catch sight of the Hohentwiel looming through the mist, and before us comes the haughty mistress of the land, — Hadwig, the Duchess of Swabia, — for whom the first chapter is named. A little conversation between her and her maid, then with the commanding words, "Morgen reisen wir!" the movement of the story begins, and the reader is eager to proceed. The line of dramatic procedure has been safely found. The onward march of the narrative is slow — the various supplementary incidents and parts must be brought in, but it is usually so skillfully done that the reader does not detect the delay, does not feel that the action is in any way retarded. Nowhere does the interest relax. From the visit to the monastery (Chapter II) to Ekkehard's arrival at the Duchess' castle (Chapter IV), which completes the introductions, the reader follows with eager expectancy.

With Chapter VI. "Virgil on the Hohentwiel," we may regard the plot as fairly started. From now on to the climax (Chapter XXI) comes what Freytag would call the *Aufsteigen*,³⁾ the ascent. — reaching over fifteen chapters. Of course, the central, underlying idea of the plot is felt now, and its development is evident. Still as a love affair it is by no means thrilling, hardly enough so to sustain itself without the added support of the side episodes

¹⁾ "Scheffel zeigt in diesem Musterromane eine grosse Achtung vor der historischen Ueberlieferung."

²⁾ Proelss. "... und die Ziele, die sich ihm auf dem Wege des Forschens, ab und zu, gleich täuschende Fata Morgana in der Ferne zeigten, lockten ihn immer weiter und auf neue, vom Hauptziel ablenkende Seitenwege."

See also Dammert — *Aus meinen Beziehungen zu Scheffel und seinen Eltern*.

³⁾ See *Erinnerungen*, p. 179.

and plots. The mild romance between Praxedis and Romeias comes to an end in the very midst of this part (Chapter XII); and the other romance, centering in the love and adventures of Audifax and Hadumoth reaches its consummation simultaneously with Cappan's marriage (Chapter XVI). The Huns are manoeuvred across the scene with several attendant incidents, and this keeps up the interest in the somewhat slow unfolding of the relationship between Ekkehard and Frau Hadwig.

Freytag in his essay on Alexis demands that the various characters of a novel be sharers in the *Begebenheit*,—the "occurrence" of the story; they exist only for this purpose. "Therefore they must be simple and intelligible in their parts, always characteristic and to the purpose, and their interest must coincide exactly with the interests of the novel."¹⁾ From this standpoint the Gunzo episode must be regarded as having no proper place in the structure of the work; it is the culmination of a desire to introduce as much "culture-historical" material into the picture of the period as possible,—a desire which may also be seen in the weaving into the narrative of Wiborad, Moengal, and the Old Man of the Cave; only these characters are more in touch with the interest of the story, and, moreover, are most charmingly and cleverly handled.

The chapter, *Von deutscher Heldensage*, serves a double purpose; it adds in a pleasing way to the picture of German culture in the early centuries when we may imagine those very tales were in process of formation, and then it serves as an excuse for the *Waltharilied* later. Whether it is an adequate excuse, or whether the Waltharius is such a tale as would naturally come under such conditions, we pass over. The strategy of the chapter, however, must certainly be commended.

At the turning point of the plot in Chapter XXI. the reader finds himself captivated and interested, not powerfully but delightfully so. There has been nothing tremendous so far in the evolution of the idea, no effects in the play and counterplay of interests and events which may be called colossal or soul-shaking. Scheffel is not a Titan. The main idea, halting and diffident as it is frequently, has still been held to with psychological faithfulness. The Duchess' passion has cooled, Ekkehard's, too late, been fanned into a flame, and the release from this situation is awaited with eagerness and curiosity.

Most of the German writers who have reviewed *Ekkehard* bestow great praise on this part of his work. "We admire," says Rehorn,²⁾ "the delicate shading in the portrayal of mood and manner, from the first meeting, where Ekkehard carries handsome Hadwig over the threshold of the monastery, to his flight from the prison into which his monastic simplicity has brought him."

Or to quote Adolf Stern, the veteran among German essayists and littérateurs: "The chief plot, as well as the wealth of incident, . . . contains so much of inner experience, so much of the author's sympathy, that by the side of this, descriptions of customs and the times, as full of characteristic traits as they are, can claim only a share in the general effect."³⁾ Or again: "And if the scenic background possesses color and form, not less do the people who play an important part in it have both life and blood, and particularly is the plot itself rich in content and structure."⁴⁾

We have no trouble in agreeing, in the main, with these moderate judgments, for it must be acknowledged that Scheffel succeeded in riveting the attention and calling forth clear impressions of mediæval life, and this result alone proclaims his skill. Still, compared with the masterpieces of fiction in the world's literature, Scheffel's hold upon the reader at the climax of his plot is not so all-absorbing and convincing as some would seem to argue. His sway in romance did not rest upon any great dramatic power.

1) Bd. 16, *Gesammelte Werke*, p. 191. "Die Charaktere müssen deshalb von einfacher verständlicher Anlage sein, in ihrem Handeln stets charakteristisch und zweckvoll, ihre Interessen müssen ganz zusammenfallen mit den Interessen des Romans."

2) *Der deutsche Roman*, p. 161. "Wir bewundern die feine Schattierung in den psychologischen Stimmungsbildern, von der ersten Begegnung, da Ekkehard die schöne Hadwig über die Schwelle des Klosters trägt, bis zu seiner Flucht aus dem Kerker, in welchen seine mönchische Einfalt ihn gebracht hatte."

3) *Studien zur Litteratur der Gegenwart*. "Die Haupthandlung wie die Fülle der Episoden . . . schliesst so viel inneres Erlebniss, so viel Theilnahme des Dichters ein, dass daneben die an charakteristischen Zügen überreiche, farbenvolle Zeit- und Sittenschilderung nur einen Teil der Wirkung beansprechen kann."

4) "Und hat das Lokal Farbe und Form, so haben die Menschen, die darin eine bedeutende Handlung bewegen, Leben und Blut, die Handlung selbst aber Gehalt und Fülle."

With Ekkehard's flight (Chapter XXI), the descent of the action begins, and when the arrow, wrapped around with the Waltharius song, drops at Frau Hadwig's feet, the end is reached. The question now comes: Is the conclusion consistent and logical, a resultant of the previous forces? Let us see.

From beginning to climax the relation between Ekkehard and the Duchess has seemed to be the plot—at any rate it has been the guiding, controlling element in the progress of the plot. The conclusion, however, shows that to portray this relation was not the sole *raison d'être* of the book; in other words, the purpose of the book was more than to show the course of a mediæval love affair. Proelss seems to have a suspicion of this when he says, "The novel reaches its consummation, not in the monk's breaking with Hadwig in a spirit of resignation, but in his attaining through inner struggles to a higher and freer condition of usefulness."¹) But we can not agree with him entirely. In his opinion the *Waltharilied* is only an incidental incident in this clarifying process,—a means to this end; and whoever doesn't believe it has read blindly! Nevertheless we are constrained to believe that the conclusion, and not only the conclusion but the whole trend of the story, was so manoeuvred as to bring in the Waltharius tale. It may be significant that foreign critics have felt this more than native ones, still it is not entirely so. Ziel remarks that the Waltharius episode is a disturbing element²) in the trend of the story, and that the desired result could have been achieved without giving the poem in full. But Huet, a Dutch critic, pronounces the harshest judgment on this incident.³)

"As *Ekkehard* unfolds before us we feel too greatly that Scheffel was actuated by some other motive than to write a novel full of charm and passion: it was to explain the origin of the *Waltharilied*. His young hero and monk is not destined to become the knight of a tender, womanly Duchess of Swabia, but to be the writer of a Latin epic. . . . The heroic is sacrificed by Scheffel to the literary and antiquarian. . . . Ekkehard's downfall bears no other fruit than a turning into Virgilian verse (it was really the Nibelungen verse) of an old German hero tale out of the cycle of the Attila legends."

As we have already indicated, we think this is a natural deduction from the logic of the plot. Moreover, circumstances support this. It must not be forgotten that the *Waltharius* was already translated *before Ekkehard* was begun. At the close of Chapter XXIII, the author says he did it in the leisure of long winter nights,⁴) undoubtedly the winter of 1853–54. Probably it was his researches in the *Census Sancti Galli* concerning the authorship of the tale which gave him the first hint for the romance. "No wonder that the author of this book, as he became familiar with this period (he is speaking of the times pictured in Pertz's *Monumenta Germanie* where the annals of St. Gall are found) while pursuing other studies concerning the beginnings of the Middle Ages, felt like a man who, etc., . . ." is his statement in the preface to *Ekkehard*.⁵) His delight in old German literature is well known, and he was at this time intensely interested in the polemical strife as to whether the *Waltharius* was really of German origin and soil. To answer the question in his novel, if he could do it well, would be a *coup d'état*, a piece of literary strategy. However, with the working out of this idea came another: namely, to make the conclusion portray in a psychological way the escape of a human soul from besetting entanglements. Whether this was clear to the writer from the first, or was evolved in the progress of the narrative to form an æsthetic and artistic prop to the story, is hard to say; we incline to the latter view; but at any rate it seems to have taken

¹) p. 313. "Nicht in dem resignirenden Bruch mit Hadwig, sondern in der Entwicklung des Mönches zu einem höheren freieren fruchtbareren Zustand, den er auf dem Weg innerer Kämpfe erreicht, gipfelt der Roman."

²) "Die schöne Linie der Composition des 'Ekkehard' wird nur einmal störend unterbrochen: durch die Aufnahme des vollständigen Walthariliedes in Scheffel's deutscher Uebersetzung—der befreiende Triumph der Poesie über das Weh des Lebens kommt dadurch in glänzender Weise zum Austrag, aber das war auch ohne die volle Wiedergabe des Liedes zu erreichen."

³) "Gelijk *Ekkehard* daar staat en gaat, gevoelt man te zeer dat één ding Von Scheffel nóg nader aan het hart gelegd heeft dan een bekoorlijken en hartstochtelijken roman te schrijven: het verklaren der herkomst van het Walthariuslied. Zijn jonge held en kloosterling is niet bestemd de ridder eener vrouwelijk teedere hertogin van Zwabenland, maar de dichter van een latijnsch epos te worden. . . . Het heldhaftige is door Von Scheffel opgeofferd aan het litterarische en antiquarische. . . . Ekkehard's bezwijken draagt geen andere vrucht, dan het overbrengen in virgiliaansche verzen eener oudduitsche heldesage uit den Attilacyclus."

⁴) "Das Heldenlied aber. . . hat der Schreiber dieses Buches zur Kurzweil an langen Winterabenden in deutschen Reim gebracht."

⁵) "Kein Wunder, dass es dem Verfasser dieses Buches, als er bei Gelegenheit anderer Studien über die Anfänge des Mittelalters mit dieser Epoche vertraut wurde, erging wie einem Manne. . . ."

shape before the work had progressed very far. This turn in the drift of affairs came no doubt from Scheffel's own soul experiences, and we may read between the lines in the last few chapters the gospel of his own deliverance from bondage.¹⁾

On the whole we do not censure very much the solution of the difficult problem which the plot he took imposed upon him. It is useless to ask why Scheffel did not shape the whole plot differently, or fit his materials to other uses. We have already indicated his regard for the *Ueberlieferungen*,—the sources, as he found them. We feel that the conclusion as a solution is not as powerful as it could be, still with the plot, what better one? Bourdeaux complains seriously because the Duchess was not a woman in the spirit of Gustave Flaubert's creations, because there was no diplomacy in the love affair, because Ekkehard let slip his golden opportunities. etc., etc.²⁾

“Ja, wir haben, sey's bekannt,
Wachend oft geträumet,
Nicht geleert das frische Glas
Wenn der Wein geschäumt,
Manche rasche Schifferstunde,
Flücht'gen Kuss vom lieben Munde,
Haben wir versümet.”

But that such a solution did not appeal to Scheffel is clear enough to those who know his character and life; his conception of the attractive in literature was vastly different from that which prevails in France, and we are glad of it. We must commend him for refusing to introduce an Abelard into German literature. Better, as Ruhemann says, to maintain the integrity of our ideals than to sink into the morass of coarseness. In looking at the plot of *Ekkehard* as a mere skeleton, a structure, we are compelled to say that it does not impress us as being more than ordinarily successful; nevertheless, take it with all the accessories of description, humor, portrayal of character, and healthful, enveloping atmosphere, and the novel is eminently successful and worthy. Its subtle charm lingers over one like the memory of halcyon days. All critics agree in this.

CHAPTER VI.

Relation to His Sources.

IT has ever been the boast of Scheffel's admirers that his work was based on complete and exact knowledge of the period he wrote of, and that he was faithful to the materials he employed. We have already seen that he himself had no other intention in his preparation for writing than to put himself back into the thought and feeling, the very life of the past. This is evident enough from his own words. As to the manner in which he utilized the historical data he unearthed, and his general attitude toward it, that is a question by itself, which we shall discuss here.

It is well known that most of the inspiration for the picture of the tenth century which his *Ekkehard* gives us was drawn from the annals of Saint Gall. In the preface to the novel he says the insight they gave him into the life of the period made him feel like a tired wanderer who comes suddenly upon a cozy inn which is furnished with a good larder, and offers all that the heart desires.³⁾ Just when he first beheld in the *Casus Sancti Galli* the possibilities for a story is hard to tell; however, it seems plausible that it was during his investigations concerning the authorship of the *Waltharius*. The way the epic is woven into the novel argues that the genesis of the work came about in this way.⁴⁾

¹⁾ See Chapter VII.

²⁾ *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Août, 1883: “J'imagine que Gustave Flaubert, s'emparant de la chronique de Saint-Gall, nous eût laissé quelque vive et étrange peinture de femme à demi barbare, dans le goût d'Hérodiade ou de Salambo.”

“Il faut de la diplomatie même en amour: il n'y faut rien de forcé et cependant il n'y faut rien de lent, a dit Pascal. Ce roman pourrait s'intituler: *Ekkehard, ou l'occasion perdue*.”

³⁾ “Kein Wunder, dass es dem Verfasser . . . erging wie einem Manne, der nach langer Wanderung durch unwirtliches Land auf eine Herberge stösst, die, wohnsam und gut bestellt in Küche und Keller, mit liebreizender Aussicht vor den Fenstern, alles bietet, was sein Herz begehrt.”

⁴⁾ See conclusion of Chapter V.

It was in the tenth book, Chapter 90, of the *Casus Sancti Galli* as written by the fourth Ekkehard, and given in Tomus II., *Monumenta Germaniæ*, that Scheffel found the central idea of his tale: "Hadwig, daughter of Duke Henry, an extremely handsome woman, while she lived upon the Twiel as widow after her husband Burkhard's death, and exercised ducal authority over the Swabians, was feared far and wide in the land because of the harshness with which she ruled.¹⁾ Since she had been betrothed in her youth to the Greek king Constantine, she had received an excellent Greek education from eunuchs who were sent for that purpose. But when on one occasion an artist among the eunuchs, wishing to paint as good a picture of her as possible to send to the king, gazed at her somewhat intently, she made up a face at him out of disgust for the intended marriage; and after the Greek had been thus stubbornly rejected, Duke Burkhard wedded her, richly fitted out with a splendid dowry, and later she turned her attention to Latin studies. Because he was old, dying shortly, he left her without heir, still young, with the dowry and the dukedom.")

"She came once as a widow to Holy Gallus to pray, and when the Abbot Burkhard received her in a festive way, and prepared to bestow gifts upon her as a relative, she said she did not want any other gifts, except that Ekkehard be allowed to be her teacher for a time at the Twiel. As he was the doorkeeper, she had had opportunity the day before to speak with him concerning the matter. The Abbot consented to this, though unwillingly, and the uncle advised against it, but in the end it was permitted.

"On the appointed day when he, eagerly awaited, arrived at the Twiel, she gave him a greater reception than he desired, and took him by the hand, calling him her master, and led him to a room situated next her own. Here day and night they were accustomed to meet for reading with some trusted maid present, yet with the doors always open so that no one should be able to make a malicious report over what they were doing. Vassals and men-at-arms, princes of the land also, often found them here reading or counseling together. Still it frequently happened that he wished himself well at home rather than with her, for her stern habits and manners often exasperated him. Once when from a desire for simplicity he had ordered the curtains to be removed from around his bed, she commanded the servant who had taken them down to be whipped; and only after much pleading on the teacher's part, did she let him (the servant) off from being scalped.")

"Whenever Ekkehard went home, either on festival occasions or just to make a visit, it was astonishing what things she sent in advance of him to Steinach by boat; for, as a far-sighted Minerva, she always had something ready beforehand which he might use himself or present to Gallus. Among these latter, in addition to communion cloths, gowns, and stoles, was that alba with the marriage of philology embroidered in gold upon it, and also a dalmatica and a smaller garment for a deacon, which she later craftily took back when the Abbot Ymmo refused her a certain antiphonary which she desired."

¹⁾ Hadawiga, Henrici ducis filia, Suevorum post Purchardum virum dux vidua, cum Duellio habitaret, femina admodum quidem pulchra, nimis severitatis cum esset suis, longe lateque terris erat terribilis. Hæc quondam parvula, Constantino Græco regi cum esset desponsata, per eunuchos ejus ad hoc missos litteris Græcis adprime est erudita, sed cum, imaginem virginis pictor eunuchus domino mittendam uti similime depingeret, sollicite eam inspicere, ipsa nuptias exosa os divaricabat et oculos, sicut Græco perversaciter repudiato, literis post latinis studentem Purchardum illam dux multipliciter dotata duxit, et cum jam esset decrepita, thalamo ut aiebant, secum nequequam cubantem, in proximo moriens, quamvis non intactam, incognitam, ut celebre est, cum dotibus et ducatu reliquit puellam. Hæc sanctum Gallum vidua orandi aliquando petiverat causa; quam Purchardus abbas festive susceptam utique neptim donis cum prosequi pararet, ipsa se alia dona nolle, ait, præter Ekkehardum sibi doctorem, si Duellum ad tempus concederet. Nam cum portanarius esset, de voluntate ipsius cum eo pridie secreta condixerat. Quod dum abbas ingratis quidem concederet et avunculus dissuaderet ille tamen nihilominus, quæ petitus est facere, pertenderat. Duellum die conducto cum egre expectatus veniret, ultra, quam ipse vellet, susceptum in conclave suo proximum suum, ut ipsa ait, manu duxit magistrum. Ibi nocte et die cum familiari aliqua intrare solebat ad legendum pedessequa, foribus tamen semper apertis, ut, si quis etiam ausus quid esset, nihil, quod diceret, sinistram haberet. Illic quoque crebro ambos ministri et milites, principes etiam terræ, lectioni aut consiliis invenerunt agentes. Moribus tamen illa suis severis et effleris sepe virum exasperans, domi interdum quam secum mansisse multo malle fecerat. Ut in dorsi pallio et cortina lecti sui, quæ humilia sentiens ipse jussit deponi, deponentem illa jussit verberari, et magistro multa rogante, vix concessit non decapillari.

Domum ille aut festis aut quando libet visere iret, opinabile erat, quantas homini impensas navibus Steinacham præmiserit; novum illi semper aliquid in paratulis aut sibi met utendum aut Gallo offerendum acutissima ipsa Minerva præsturi faciens. Inter quæ præter casulas sericas, cappas, et stolas, alba est illa philologiæ nuptiis auro insignis; præter quæ dalmaticam et subtile pene aurea quæ postmodum, Ymmone abbate sibi antiphonarium quendam petitum denegante, acutia sua versipelli resumpserat.

²⁾ For obvious reasons this last sentence is a somewhat liberal rendering of the original.

³⁾ "Scalped" seems to be about the meaning of *decapillari* here, at any rate this rendering coincides with Pertz's note, "Hæc pona dicebatur aliquem cute et capillis privare."

We see here in this chapter the main facts of the foundation of Scheffel's romance,—Frau Hadwig visits St. Gall, and asks for Ekkehard, the young doorkeeper, to be her teacher on the Twiel. We have also a suggestion of the conditions under which the instruction was carried on in the castle. From the descriptions of Frau Hadwig's haughtiness and harshness of manner, as given by the chronicler, Scheffel evidently took his cue for his own picture of her.

The details of the Duchess' visit to Gallus are not given in Ekkehard's chronicle, but Scheffel found accounts of visits of other guests which served him just as well. The interesting episode where Frau Hadwig is taken prisoner by the cloister school, follows closely the account given in Chapter 26 of Bishop Solomon's last visit to the monastery. Frau Wendelgard, Wiborad, the anchorite's rival in prayers and psalm-singing, is also a character of the annals,—her story being given *in extenso* in Chapters 125-129. Wiborad herself is taken half from the *Casus*, half from Hartmann's *Vita Wiborada*—the material about her being ample and complete.

In the record immediately following Chapter 90 (Chapters 91, 92, 93, 94, etc.) Scheffel received hints as to side characters and events. Rudimann, the monk of Reichenau, who plays such a hostile part in Ekkehard's misfortunes appears here as a most malicious abbot, constantly seeking to defame the brothers of Holy Gallus. Ekkehard's visit to Reichenau on his way to the Hohentwiel is fully given, and the sallies of wit between him and the abbot as to their respective female pupils are quoted word for word. The episode of Rudimann and Kerhildis and the kiss which Ekkehard witnesses and punishes so summarily, thus laying a foundation for future animosity, is brought in from Chapter 40 of the third book, where Tuotilo on a mission for St. Gall is the witness of such a scene in the monastery of St. Albans in Mayence.

Moengal also is a character of the chronicle, described in Chapter 2, the first book, as the young nephew of a certain Scotch bishop, Marcus. Scheffel's Moengal, however, is entirely different, being a delightful, rough-and-ready son of the North, mostly a creation of his own imagination.

The *Casus* furnished definite material as to the inroad of the Huns. The story of the invasion begins in the 51st chapter, and is continued through five chapters with careful detail. The preparations for safety at St. Gall are mentioned; Heribald, the foolish brother, who will not leave because of lack of shoes, and his exciting experiences with the barbarians, are given in full. The account closes with confirmation of the death of Wiborad, and mention of the captured Hun who took a wife after his baptism and became the father of a family. Scheffel changed the perspective of this description somewhat, but used all the details. In his narration, the brothers of both Reichenau and St. Gall flee to the Hohentwiel, and Heribald is made to be a monk of Reichenau.

Such, in the main, the leading features obtained in more or less complete outline from the monastery annals. Here and there, all through the work, Scheffel found suggestions and assistance,—now a bit of dialogue, now a joke, now a glimpse into the manners and life of the monastery inmates. He made use of this treasure of material in many ways; frequently the dialogue was transferred to his own characters, and the descriptions of monastic life and regulations were used to give his own pages the ring of the original.

For the Gunzo chapter, Scheffel departed from Pertz's *Monumenta Germaniæ*, making use of the *Epistola Gunzoni ad Angienses Fratres*, as given in Tomus I. of the *Collectio Veterum Scriptorum et Monumentorum* by Martène and Durand. The original is a long document containing in the neighborhood of 6,000 words, but Scheffel's use of it was faithful and accurate, as may be seen from following his translations here and there through the missive, and from the Latin marginal guide of the contents to Gunzo's work:—

- a) Ab Ottone rege accersitus ex Italia.
- b) Divertit ad S. Gallum.
- c) Injurie quid occasionem dederit.
- d) Casuum mutatio apud optimos auctores non infrequens.
- e) Non tam verba examinanda, quam eorum significatio.
- f) S. Galli monachum objurgat.
- g) Monachi illius nomen, cui adaptat ea quæ conveniunt Achar

(At the bottom of page 302 there is a note which says that by "*Achar*" the writer meant *Ekkehardum Seniores*.)

- h) Quos secum libros Gunzo ex Italia detulerit.
- i) De Grammatica.
- j) De Dialectica.
- k) De Rethorica.
- l) Caelestia corpora an animata.
- m) De Musica.

For hints and facts with which to bring out the mediæval man in his true relation to religion, superstition, and custom, Scheffel drew upon sources which he had become acquainted with in his university days, and later when preparing his "legal-historical treatise." These authorities are linguistic, juristic, and historical.

For instance, he cites —

Grimm und Schmeller, — <i>Latein. Gedichte des X. u. XI. Jahrh.</i>	8 times
Ildefons v. Arx, — <i>Geschichte des Kantons St. Gallen</i>	12 times
Hattemer's <i>Denkmale</i> , etc.	22 times
{ <i>Weistümer</i>	2 times
Grimm { <i>Deut. Mythologie</i>	10 times
{ <i>Deut. Rechtsaltertümer</i>	5 times

Outside of the *Cusus* he quotes Pertz 39 times, and also brings in a number of citations from miscellaneous sources, such as the Scriptures: Martène, *De Antiq. Ecclesiar Ritibus*; Magnin's *Théâtre de Hrotswitha*; Tacitus; Simrock, *Uebersetzung der Edda*; Burmeister, *Geschichte der Schöpfung*; Mone, *Geschichte des Heidenthums*; Stälin, *Württemberg Geschichte*; Bader, *Das Bad. Land u. Volk*; Schwab, *Der Bodensee nebst dem Rheinthal*; Gfrörer, *Geschichte der ost- und westfränkischen Karolinger*; Gibbon, *Nibelungen*; Vogel, *Ratherius von Verona*, Tobler, *Sprachschutz*; etc., etc.

But, as we have tried to show, the *Cusus Sancti Galli* was the richest mine of inspiration for the actual picture he conjured up. These other authorities were drawn upon to confirm details here and there, mostly insignificant, but Ekkehard's annals gave him the bone and sinew of his story. With few exceptions his characters bear names found in the original source; where they are mentioned at all he follows the record given of them. Moreover, it was the annals which gave him such a lively and complete picture of the period, particularly the church side of it, that he was enabled to write his own work, tingling to his finger tips with the spirit of the age.

A detailed study of the notes to *Ekkehard* brings out some interesting results. In the first place, it shows the great range of material which was drawn upon to lend color to the narrative. No other historical novel in Germany before Scheffel's day could boast of a preparation so thorough or so extensive, or show a literary enthusiasm rooted so entirely in the feeling of the past. The notes show plainly enough, also, that they were compiled after the novel was practically finished: sometimes they ring as if they were selected to fit the text rather than because they afforded any special foundation for it; and sometimes one is almost led to think that the writer now and then restored a source from memory. For instance, at the beginning of Chapter II, we find this sentence: "Auch der irische Gallus hatte einen löblichen Platz erwählt, da er, nach Waldluft gierig (12) in helvetischer Einöde sich festsetzte:" etc.

To establish "nach Waldluft gierig,—seeking woodland air," Scheffel has the note: "*Silvarum acidus*,"—*rita S. Galli*. Now just those words would be hard to find in the *rita S. Galli*, though they are perhaps true enough to fact.

Again in the same chapter we have a reference to Abbot Cralo:—

"He immediately pulled his cowl into shape, stroked into order the small wisp of hair which grew up in a stately way in the center of his bare pate, like a pine tree in a dreary waste of sand,"¹⁾ etc. In order to have this apply he amended the source, interpolating the words we inclose in brackets:—

"Recalvaster est qui in anteriore parte capitis duo calvitia habet, medietate inter illa, ut est [C'rahloh abbas et] wickram."

¹⁾ "Sofort schürzte er seine Kutte, strich den schmalen Büschel Haare zurecht, der ihm inmitten des kahlen Scheitels noch staatlich emporwuchs gleich einer Fichte im öden Sandfeld."

But Scheffel's notes are not all quotations from Latin chronicles and sources; frequently he digresses into a discussion of the point raised by his reference, and often, very often, he accepts verbatim the language of other authors and their notes.

Under Note 58, there is a long quotation from Wackernagel's *Altdeutsches Lesebuch*, followed by what looks to be seventy words of comment from himself. It is all, however, the language of the work he cites; so also Note 109.

Under 210 Scheffel says:—

“Schon die Lebensbeschreibung des heiligen Gallus (lib. II., cap. 34 bei Pertz Mon. II. 29) erwähnt die Sitte, dass unvorsätzliche Mörder mit schweren Ketten, die oft aus dem eigenen Mordschwert geschmiedet wurden, oder mit eisernen Ringen um den Leib oder die Arme belastet, Wallfahrten thun mussten. S. auch Uhland's schönes Gedicht ‘der Waller.’”

Compare with the language of Pertz' note:—

“Circuli hi ferrei ex gladio, quo reus homicidium perpetravert, jussu episcopi cudebantur, quibus homicida membris inclusus ad loca sacra obeunda mittebatur.”

Scheffel's fondness for the old documents and records gave him a childlike confidence in them, and also in any favorable comment bestowed upon them by other writers. Once this led him into a snare. In Chapter XIX, he says of Burkhard, the cloister pupil: “The flood of knowledge streamed from his young mouth like a fountain. He was also learned in astronomy; and his uncle had to listen with patience to the praises of Zoroaster, of Bactria, and of King Ptolemy, of Egypt, at the same time being sharply quizzed as to the shape and use of the astrolabium.”¹⁾

This leads to Note 227, where he says: “Die damaligen Studien erstreckten sich auf die Sternkunde. In der sanctgall. Handschrift. No. 18, p. 43. findet sich das Bild eines Mönches, der durch ein Fernrohr nach den Gestirnen schaut. Notker Labeo beschreibt ausführlich einen im Kloster aufgestellten Himmelsglobus. Die astronomischen Schriften der Alten, z. B. Aratus, kannte und las man. Vgl. I. v. Arx Geschichte etc., I. 265.”

This view is based implicitly on Arx, whose words are given almost verbatim. Now that this brother pictured in Handschrift 18 was looking through a *Fernrohr* — a telescope — is out of the question, for Arx is writing of the period between 920 and 1076, and telescopes were not known before the 15th or 16th century. Incidentally it may be mentioned that one or two other anachronisms of a similar character crept into *Elkhard*: in Chapter XIII Moengal prepares a reception for the approaching Huns by breaking the windows of his house, and scattering the glass over the floor; and again in Chapter XVI, describing Cappan's wedding feast we read: “Whoever did not have a plate dined from a pine board, who lacked a fork made a two-pronged hazel twig answer instead.”²⁾

Of course, glass windows or forks do not really belong in a picture of the tenth century.

The legends which Scheffel weaves into his narrative in Chapter XX, — *Von deutscher Heldensage*, are based on sources which he himself cites in his notes. However, it is interesting to observe how he manipulated the original material to make it serve an artistic purpose in his own work.

Herr Spazzo begins the story-telling with the tale of Wieland, the Smith. The introduction is skillful, showing how the chamberlain might have obtained his knowledge from the folklore of the land where the story lives on even yet in perpetual favor. The main facts of Wieland's ancestry and youthful career follow the source,³⁾ except in one or two particulars. Spazzo makes Wieland's father, Vate, a giant of the land of Schonen, whereas the saga locates him in Seeland; Mimer, the smith, lives near Toledo, in the original in Heunenland; and the lad, Wieland, does not flee the land of the dwarfs because of the hostility of giants, as the chamberlain relates.

From the point where Wieland journeys out into the world for himself, the story in Spazzo's mouth follows the saga in the main traits. Wieland comes to King Elberich in Tyrol, defends him against Amilias, the one-eyed giant, and so obtains the promise of the

¹⁾ “Wie ein Springquell entströmte dem jugendlichen Munde die Flut der Wissenschaft. Auch in der Astronomie war er bewandert; das Lob Zoroaster's von Bactrien und des Königs Ptolemäus von Aegyptenland musste der Oheim geduldig anhören, über Form und Verwendung des Astrolabiums ward ihm scharf auf den Zahn geföhlt.”

²⁾ “... wem keine Platte oder Teller zutell ward, der schmauste von tannemem Brett, wo die Gabel fehlte, ward zweizinkige Hazelstaude zu deren Rang erhoben.”

³⁾ Fr. v. d. Hagen. — *Altdeutsche und altnordische Heldensagen*.

king's daughter, but the king breaks his word; in the source Amilias is the smith of Nidung, king in Jutland, with whom Wieland takes service, and the invaders of the land are led by a neighboring king. Here, too, the circumstances leading up to the maiming of the smith are given differently. In the saga, Wieland kills *two* sons of the king; and he escapes by means of a feather shirt which Egil, his brother, whom he had sent for, helps him procure.

The story of King Rother is based on the tale as found in Massmann's *Gedichte des VII Jahrhunderts*, and Scheffel's adaptation of it to his purpose is extremely clever. Since the legend is put into the mouth of Praxedis, the Greek maid, naturally enough she tells mostly the *Constantinople* part of it. Hence the story begins with the arrival of Lupolt, the leader of Rother's messengers, in the Greek capital,—line 234. Necessarily the prolixity of the original is curtailed; for instance, 80 lines (360–440) giving the woes of the unfortunate visitors for a year and a day in their dungeon are passed over in silence, and wherever possible haste is made. The next two paragraphs in Scheffel's narrative dealing with Rother's preparations for the voyage are condensed from lines 440–883, with the reference to the king's harp-playing brought in from the omitted introduction (167–199). With quick pace the story moves on to line 1,515 where the curiosity of the king's daughter for the new comer is aroused. The main facts of the banquet follow as in the legend, and from line 1,917 on to 2,520 the very wording of the original is given with striking faithfulness, particularly in the dialogue parts. Let us offer an illustration:—

SCHEFFEL

Aber Dietrich sprach: Frau du sündigst dich.
Ich bin in andern Tagen zu mancher Kemenate
gegangen, da es wohl sein möcht', was spottest
du itzt des heimathlosen Mannes? An des Kai-
sers Hofe ist edler Herzoge und Fürsten eine
grosse Zahl: nie gedachte deine Frau der Rede.

Und als Herliudis ihm inniglich zuredete, sagte
Herr Dietrich: Hier sind der Merker so viele; wer
seine Ehr' behalten will, muss wohlgezogen thun;
Constantinus möcht' mir das Reich verbieten.
Darum wär' es misshellig, so ich deine Frau sehen
wollte. Vermelde ihr das; so sehr ich ihr zu
dienen gehöre.

THE SOURCE.

Alsus ridede do dietherich,
vrowe du sundigis dich.
an mer ellenden manne.
ich bin ouch kemenaten gegangen.
Hie vore do das mochte sin.
warumme spozeder min.
Lieder so tod man den armen ie.
Uwer vrowe ingedachte die rede nie.
Hie is so velle herzogen.
vnde vorsten indeme hone.
Daz ihr mit einen anderen man.
Uwerin scheimf mochtin han.

Dietrich zo der wrowin sprach.
Her wiste wole daz iz ir erninst was.
hie ist der merkere so velle.
Swer sin ere behaldin wille.
Der sal gezogenliche gan.
Ja wenit der elende man.
Daz her nimmer so wole geto.
Daz siez alle uvr got.
Nimen die in deme houe sin.
Nu sage der iynurouwin din.
Min dienst ob sie is gerochit.
Ich ne mach sie nicht gesochen.
vor der missehelle.
Ich vorte daz ir irschelle.
uns beiden lasterliche.
So uirbutit mer das riche.
Constantin der herre.
so mozt ich immir mere.
vlychtich sin vor rothere.

With line 2,520 Praxedis' account is practically completed, she giving in a remaining paragraph the joyous outcome of events. The original, however, rambles on through 2,660 lines more, and the conclusion, even of the first Constantinople part of the adventure, differs somewhat from Scheffel's version. In the original, Dietrich suddenly and craftily embarks for home with his bride, leaving the queen-mother standing on the beach, commissioned to tell King Constantine when he arrives from his expedition against the kings of Babilonie that —

“Sin tochter si mit rothere
Gevaren westene ouer mere.”

The after history of Rother and his relations to the Byzantine court, Scheffel does not use; this would only spin out the story, and detract from the completeness of Praxedis' narrative.

A comparison of Scheffel's translation of the *Waltharius* with the work of his predecessors¹⁾ in the same line would indicate that they may have influenced him somewhat, though they never equalled him in spirit or effectiveness. A few lines will show this.

Line 45: Quadrupedum cursu tellus concussa gemitat.

Klemm: "Und es erdröhnte die Erde, gestampft von Hufe der Rosse."

San-Marte: "Unter dem stampfenden Rosshuftritt erseufzet die Erde."

Scheffel: "Von Rosshuf zerstampft die Erde gab seufzenden Schall."

* * *

Line 110: Virgo etiam captiva, deo præstante supremo.

Klemm: "Gnade auch fand die gefangene Maid, mit Hilfe des höchsten Gottes.—"

San-Marte: "Auch die gefangene Maid, Werk war's des allmächtigen Gottes.—"

Scheffel: "Es ward mit Gottes Beistand auch die gefangene Maid.—"

* * *

Lines 540-1: Et saliens vacuas ferro transverberat auras.

Et celer ad pugnam telis prælusit amaram.

Klemm: "Sprang dann auf und durchhieb die leere Luft mit dem Eisen.

Schnell zu dem bittern Kampf mit dem Speere macht' er das Vorspiel."

San-Marte: "Schwingt im Sprunge den Stahl, die leichten Lüfte durchsaugend.

Prüft das Geschoss zum bitteren Kampf im flüchtigen Vorspiel."

Scheffel: "Und durch die leeren Lüfte schwang er den Speer mit Macht.

Das war ein lustig Vorspiel vor bitterernster Schlacht."

* * *

Lines 979-80: En pro calvitio capitis te vertice fraudo,

Ne fiat ista tua de me jactantia sponsa.

Klemm: "Für die Glatze des Hauptes beraub' ich dich, siehe, des Scheitels.

Dass nicht deshalb von mir vor deiner Verlobten du prahlest."

San-Marte: "Sieh, für die Glatze des Hauptes, ab scheer ich dir jetzo das Haupt selbst.

Das über mich nicht schnödes Geprahl deiner Braut es berichte."

Scheffel: "Jetzt sollst du für die Glatze mir mit dem Scheitel büßen,

Und dieses Stückleins nimmer prahlen deinem Weibe."

Line 428: Ecce quater denos sol circumflexerat orbes,— which San-Marte rendered, "Als nun zum vierzehnten Mal die Sonne umkreisset den Weltraum," incorrectly giving "vierzehn" for "vierzig," Scheffel translated using the same expression: "Schon vierzehn Male war der Sonne Lauf vollendet." However, in the Holder and Scheffel critical edition of the *Waltharius*, 1874, this was changed.

It is interesting in other ways to observe Scheffel's translation as opposed to the original. From his own words²⁾ his purpose was to reproduce the contents of the Latin poem tersely and yet faithfully, in a form in accord with modern art and feeling. He hoped essentially to accomplish the same result that Grimm had achieved in the prose story of the tale, appended to his edition of the original text.

Scheffel's translation is 353 lines shorter than the Latin, this abbreviation being brought about in several ways. In the first place as much of the "Virgilian tinsel" as possible is omitted; he also passes over at the outset the first ten lines of prologue, and in various places compresses the prolixity of the original into smaller compass. As an illustration of the way his rendering frequently gained on the Latin, compare lines 274-291 with the translation.

Hæc intra ebdomadem caute per singula comple.

Audisti quid habere vianti forte necesse est.

Nunc quo more fugam valeamus inire recludo:

Postquam septenos Phœbus remeaverit orbes,

Regi ac reginæ, satrapis ducibus famulisque

Sumptu permagno convivia læta parabo,

Atque omni ingenio potu sepelire studebo,

Donec nullus erit qui sentiat hoc quod agendum est.

Tu tamen interea mediocriter utere vino.

Atque sitim vix ad mensam restinguere cura.

Cum reliqui surgant, ad opuscula nota recurre.

¹⁾ G. Fr. Klemm, *Attila und Walther von Aquitanien*. Wien, 1829; San-Marte, *Walter von Aquitanien*. Magdeburg, 1853.

²⁾ Preface to the Scheffel-Holder edition of the *Waltharius*, Stuttgart, 1874.

Ast ubi jam cunctos superat violentia potus,
 Tum Simul occiduas properemus quærere partes.
 Virgo memor præcepta viri complevit, et ecce
 Præfinita dies epularum venit et ipse
 Waltharius magnis instruxit sumptibus escas.
 Luxuria in media residebat denique mensa,
 Ingrediturque aulam velis rex undique septam,—

“Dies all sei vorbereitet heut über sieben Tage,
 Da sitzt mit seinen Männern der König beim Gelage.
 Und schlafen weinbewältigt sie All' in trunkner Ruh,
 Glück auf! dann reiten wir dem Land im Westen zu!”
 Die Stunde kam des Schmanes. Mit Tüchern manigfalt
 Verhänget war die Halle. Eintrat Herr Etzel bald,—” etc.

Now and then Scheffel can not resist an opportunity to soar in his own poetical might, particularly in those places where the subject-matter appeals to his taste and bent of mind. His translation, therefore, betrays sly humorous and satirical turns and thrusts, and a *burleschikos* spirit frequently which the original did not have. For instance, as in line 141:—

Complacuit sermo regi, cepitque parari.
 “Das Wort gefiel dem König, es dünkt' ihm fein und schlau,
 Es weiss in derlei Dingen das Weiseste stets die Frau.”

Or in lines 310-311 where he pursues a *Gaudeamus* strain to the extreme:—

Quam rex accipiens haustu vacuaverat uno
 Confestimque jubet reliquos imitari omnes.
 Klemm: “Und der König er nahm's, mit einem Zuge es leerend,
 Und befahl alsbald den andern zu folgen dem Beispiel.”
 San-Marte: “Als sie der König empfing, ausleert er mit einem Zug sie,
 Heischend, dass jeglicher Gast in der Reih' sofort ihm nachthu.”
 Scheffel: “Da lacht der greise Zecher: ‘fürwahr Ihr meint es gut,
 Als wie ein Meer im Sturme entgegenschäumt mir die Fluth.’
 Doch sonder Zagen stand er, ein Fels an wogender Strand,
 Und lüpfte den Riesenhumpen und wiegt' ihn in der Hand,
 Und macht' die Nagelprobe. Da floss kein Tropfen mehr.
 ‘Izt thut mir's nach, ihr Jungen!’ so rief der alte Held,
 Da war ein lobwerth Beispiel den Andern aufgestellt.”

Thus far we have considered what we may call more particularly the antiquarian sources of *Ekkehard*. However, some of the most charming creations of the novel base their suggestion on later and different inspirations.

Romeias, the warder of St. Gall, was undoubtedly named for a wonderful Landsknecht of the same name who occurs in the history of Villingen in the 16th century. His picture yet adorns the walls of the place. According to history and tradition, he was a man of unusual physique, great strength, and the hero of many adventures.

“Nachdem er ritterliche Thaten vollbracht,
 Seine Stärke ihn verführet hat:
 So fing er an, über die Obrigkeit zu schelten:
 Dessen must er es im Turm entgelten.
 Brach wunderlich mit List daraus
 Und floh in St. Johannes Haus.
 Allda noch einen Balken zu finden,
 Den Romäus dorthin tragen könnte.
 Wagte sich hernach über die Mauern hinaus,
 Belagert Kusenbergs, das feste Haus.
 Das er in wenig Zeit genommen:
 Dahero wiederum Gnad bekommen,
 Dass im Spital bis in das Grab
 Ihm die Herrenpfund gegeben war.
 Endigt so sein Ruhm und Leben.
 Gott wolle uns allen den Frieden geben! Amen.”

In the early 50's there appeared several papers and publications relating to the chronicles of Villingen and this remarkable citizen, and from these no doubt Scheffel, keen for such material, appropriated the character with many of his leading traits.¹⁾

¹⁾ See *Jahrbuch des Scheffellandes*, 1893—“Der geschichtliche Romeias von Villingen” by Chr. Boder.

Under Note 152, Scheffel mentions that his episode of Charles the Fat, "The Old Man of the Cave," follows popular Allemannian superstition. Nevertheless, it would seem that Hauff was his chief inspiration here. It is well known that the brilliant Stuttgart poet and novelist was a favorite author of his youthful school days, and more than many people think, more than Scheffel himself suspected. Perhaps, Hauff's genius worked upon his own. If one looks closely, a number of general similarities between *Ekkehard* and *Lichtenstein* come to light;¹⁾ but in the character of the Old Man of the Cave we have a reminiscence in several essentials of Hauff's Herzog Ulrich in the Cave of the Mist. Like Scheffel's mysterious personage, Hauff's character is regarded with awe as an uncanny and unknown figure, he is without a name — simply the man of the cave; he has a dog, also a mysterious, faithful servant, and his grimness of spirit resembles in some degree the lofty hatred of Scheffel's creation.²⁾ The words of Duke Ulrich instinctively remind of the forgotten king:—

"Rather than fall into the hands of my enemies and become their laughing-stock. I would go down a hundred fathoms deeper where there is no more air to breathe; and if the bloody minded hounds of the League followed me there, I'd dig a way with my very nails into the hardest rock; I'd go down deeper and deeper, to the very center of the earth. And if they reached me there, then I'd curse the saints for forsaking me, and call upon the devil to open the doors of darkness, and cover me from the pursuit of this insolent rabble."³⁾

The story of Audifax and Hadumoth which Scheffel weaves so cleverly and charmingly into the larger romance is, for the greater part, only another version of the career of Walther and Hildegund in the *Waltharilied*. The names, of course, are different,— he took the name Hadumoth from the *Monumenta*, and the word Audifax is possibly of dialect origin.⁴⁾ — and many of the details of their love and adventures show a departure from the original: but in the main it is the same motive, only adapted to a humbler walk of life.

The Waldfrau would appear to be a character derived as a composite picture from the various witch literatures with which Scheffel was acquainted. She possesses a good many of the characteristics of Walter Scott's "Meg Merriles," toned down by the German superstition and folklore as it was in the primitive days of the Middle Ages.

On the whole, Scheffel's attitude toward his sources, particularly the historical sources, is unique, and gives him a unique place among so-called historical novelists. One may even doubt if he should be called an historical novelist, for it is plain to be seen that actual history concerned him but little. His ambition was to give a picture of the everyday culture and life of the past, in the circles of the mighty, as well as among the lowly, rather than to elucidate any of the complications of history. If historical considerations had been of moment to him, he would have encountered trials enough with the *Casus Sancti Galli* where facts and dates are often sadly distorted and misplaced;⁵⁾ moreover, poor Charles the Fat, who actually died in 887, would not have been allowed to live on so many years beyond his appointed span of life into another century. The fact is, the unities of time and of place were unimportant to him, if only documentary material in abundance could be forthcoming to serve as *Stoff* for a true appreciation of early civilization. He himself makes this clear enough in the preface to *Ekkehard*, when he quotes Macaulay as saying that he would gladly bear the reproach of not having maintained the dignity of history if only he could succeed in giving Englishmen of the nineteenth century a faithful picture of the life of their ancestors. Historical sources were valuable to Scheffel in the same way, and in his eagerness to introduce as much of the *Cultur-geschichtliche* as possible, he frequently puts romance to a severe test. Still, he has his own great elements of strength.

1) Proelss, p. 19.

2) See *Jahrbuch des Scheffelbundes*, 1896, "Hauff und Scheffel."

3) "Ja, ich wollte lieber noch hundert Faden tiefer hinabsteigen, wo die Brust keine Luft mehr zu atmen findet, als in die Hände meiner Feinde fallen und ihr Gespötte werden; und wenn sie dahin mir nachkämen die blutgierigen Hunde des Bundes, so wollte ich mich mit meinen Nägeln weiter hineinscharren in die härtesten Felsen, ich wollte hinabsteigen, tiefer und immer tiefer, bis wo der Mittelpunkt der Erde ist. Und kämen sie auch dorthin, so wollte ich die Heiligen listern, die mich verlassen haben, und wollte dem Teufel rufen, dass er die Pforten der Finsternis aufreisse, und mich berge gegen die Verfolgung dieses übermüthigen Gesindels!"—Cap. 21, Hauff's *Lichtenstein*.

4) The name may be a formation in Upper Bavarian Dialect. According to Schmeller's *Bair. Wörterbuch*, it is related to *fachsen* (Possen), with *au* intensive, as in *Au-dieb*, *Au-Schelm*, etc.: "Ein Audifax, ein Erzfaxenmacher."

5) Cf. Meyer von Knonau, *Ekkehard's IV. Casus Sancti Galli*, Leipzig, 1878, also the same author's *Die Ekkehardte von St. Gallen*, Basel, 1876.

CHAPTER VII.

Real Strength.

EVERYBODY who is familiar with German literature will admit that Scheffel's *Ekkehard* was a marked advance over the historical novels that preceded it. Yet how? Certainly not because it heralded the discovery of a new field of fiction, for the Romanticists at home and abroad had known of the wealth of the Middle Ages, and had exploited it; not because it showed a new and remarkable mastery of the plot and structure of the novel — in these respects it was not out of the ordinary; not even because of intensely dramatic and powerful scenes framed in mighty lines of rhetoric — one will look in vain for such in Scheffel's masterpiece. Still, the work is powerful, aye, stamped with the marks of rare genius, and the reader can not escape feeling this, though he may not at first be able to analyze and understand it. Where do the main elements of strength in *Ekkehard* lie? Primarily, we would say in the *life-likeness* of the picture it calls forth, in the subtle spell in its composition which carries us back, unconsciously and pleasingly, into what we feel is the past as it really was, among a people we can comprehend and know as they really were. Here is the secret of Scheffel's power as a novelist — here the chief secret of his hold upon the public.

The magic of the book comes over one at the first through the exquisite nature-instinct which shows in every page, but so adroitly is this disguised that we never feel oppressed by it. The senses are not palled by rhapsodies over the beauties of the world, still we know the world is charming. Mankind and nature seem to be close together, but the intimacy is graceful and matter-of-fact, and only gains in effect by its primitiveness.

This element in Scheffel's work has not been sufficiently seen and appreciated. To most people he is simply the singer of joyous student life, an enthusiast over the poesy of the Middle Ages, a novelist with a happy knack of interpreting life as it was "in the brave days of old." And these views are correct enough, only they are not broad enough. With his humor, his vivacity, his enthusiasm for the past, Scheffel possessed a fine and sensitive regard for nature, and for the people who lived in the invigorating air of natural conditions. That the people of the Middle Ages were such a folk he had no doubt — the feeling was an inheritance with him; he himself was the son of the Black Forest and the Alps, a region picturesque and rugged, and came of a family that was rooted in the wild romance of the land. And he came to know this land, to understand the solace of its charms and the reality of its history; in the leisure of early years he wandered on foot through it: later, when sick or distressed, he fled to it and lived in the grandeur of its retreats.

"Fahr wohl, du hoher Säntis, der treu um mich gewacht,
Fahr wohl, du grüne Alpe, die mich gesund gemacht!
Hab Dank für deine Spenden, du heil'ge Einsamkeit,
Vorbei der alte Kummer — vorbei das alte Leid."

Farewell, thou lofty Säntis, hast watched me well and true,
Farewell, thou verdant mountain, thou gavest me life anew:
Be thanked for all thy bounty, thou sacred lonesomeness, —
Gone by is the old sorrow, gone by the old distress.

Thus he lets *Ekkehard* speak in the closing pages of his book, but it is a sentiment that came also from his own heart, for he had tested time and again the magic virtues of such wild and rugged surroundings. He believed devoutly in this influence. "It is the excellent thing about fierce, wild nature, she not only presents herself as an inspiring picture before the spectator, but also works upon his mind in an expanding way, and conjures up again in his memory a distant and forgotten time."¹) That this was the case in the composition of *Ekkehard*, we feel in every page; but in the preface the writer confirms it.

¹) "Und das ist das Vortreffliche gewaltiger Natur, dass sie nicht nur sich selber als ein mächtig wirkend Bild vor dem Beschauenden stellt, sondern den Geist überhaupt ausweitend anregt, und fernliegende verschwundene Zeit im Gedächtniss wieder heraufbeschwört." *Ekkehard* — Chap. XXIII.

"There in the neighborhood of Lake Constance I planned this story and wrote the most of it, my soul filled with the doings of past generations, my heart quickened by the warmth of the sunshine and the fragrance of the mountain air.")

Nothing is plainer than that the warmth of the sunshine and the spicy fragrance of valley and mountain were transmuted by some subtle alchemy of Scheffel's pen into the breezy, nature-loving, nature-knowing tone of his book. From first to last we detect this, here a sentence, there a sentence, now a reference to the "silent peacefulness which rests over the valley," now a snatch of song from Romeias' lips, now a vision of Moengal in his brush-covered duck boat which the wind is drifting toward the reedy shore, now a picture of brave Hadumoth making her way alone through the pines that will never end, amid the noiseless activity of awaking springtime.

Scheffel's nature descriptions as an outgrowth of this nature-instinct are a glorification of the out-of-doors in the spirit of an enthusiastic disciple. They reach their climax in the last chapter of the work when Ekkehard flees to the solitudes of the mountains. In the vividness of these descriptions Scheffel surpasses his predecessors. Wilibald Alexis knew well the value of landscape painting, and gave it a dignified place in fiction, but his work was not removed from gallery effects; Scheffel, on the other hand, has no isolated pictures hung here and there to be admired, his landscapes are part of a great whole, they are panoramas which embrace the spectator so that he feels he is in the very midst of the scene, and moving like any other character through it. This is one of the delights of *Ekkehard*, — descriptions of locality and scenery are firmly rooted in the plot and progress of the novel, and are brought in when needed to bring out in bolder relief the characters and events in it. Nowhere does Scheffel bring in scenery for the sake of the scenery — it is always a background for an occurrence or a person. This is particularly noticeable in Chapter XXII, where "the story leaves the Bodensee, and journeys over into the Helvetian Alps," as the author says. The Säntis is the goal, but notice with what artistic skill Scheffel describes the wildness of the mountains. He does not stop and point out the steepness of the craggy heights from a distance, as a cicerone waxes eloquent over the tower of a cathedral — he lets the impression of the mountain come over the reader as he accompanies Ekkehard up the path.

"Steeper and rougher grew the path which the man followed." Now he stood under the rocky wall which towered perpendicular above him; a drop of water trickling out of the limestone fell upon his head, and he looked up cautiously to see whether he might get by before the awful overhanging mass should fall. But rock walls can stand longer out of plumb than what is built by the hand of man; nothing fell but a second drop of water.

"With his left hand pressed against the stone, the man strode forward. The path became smaller, the black abyss at the side drew nearer, a giddy depth yawned from below, the last trace of a path disappeared. Two great tree trunks were laid as a bridge over the chasm. 'It must be!' said the man, and walked bravely over. As he felt ground under his feet again, he drew a long breath, and paused to observe the fearful place. It was a little projection of rock above him, and below him perpendicular, yellowish-gray walls, in the depths, scarcely visible, a silver streak in the green of the valley, — it was the forest brook, the Sitter. — and shyly hidden in the gloom of the pines, the sea-colored surface of the Seealp Lake. Over across, armed and mailed, was the host of the mountain giants — the very pen exults to write

1) "Dort in den Revieren des schwäbischen Meeres, die Seele erfüllt von dem Walten erlöschener Geschlechter, das Herz erquickt von warmem Sonnenschein und würziger Bergluft hab' ich diese Erzählung entworfen und zum grössten Teil niedergeschrieben."

2) "Steller und rauer ward der Pfad, den der Mann einschlug. Jetzt stund er unter senkrecht aufstarrer Felswand; ein schwerer Wassertropfen war aus dem Kalkgestein auf sein Haupt niedergetrüfft, da schaute er prüfend empor, ob der grauenhafte Ueberhang noch anhalte mit dem Einsturz, bis er voüber. Aber Felswände vermögen länger im schiefen Zustand zu verharren als das, was Menschenhände bauen; es stürzte nichts herab als ein zweiter Tropfen."

Mit der Linken am Gestein sich anlehnend, schritt der Mann vorwärts. Immer schmaler ward der Steig, der schwarze Abgrund zur Seite rückte näher, schwindende Tiefe gähnte darauf. . . . Jetzt schwand auch die letzte Spur eines Pfades. Zwei mächtige Fichtenstämme waren als Brücke über den Abgrund gelegt. Es muss sein! sprach der Mann, und schritt unversagt drüber. Er atmete hoch auf wie er drüber wieder Boden unter den Füßen verspürte, und machte halt, um sich den grausigen Platz zu betrachten. Es war ein schmaler Felsvorsprung, über und unter ihm senkrechte, gelbgraue Steinwand, in der Tiefe, kaum sichtbar, ein Silberstreif im Grün des Thales, der Waldbach Sitter, und oben versteckt im Tannendunkel der meerfarbige Spiegel des Seealpses. Gegenüber gepanzert und gewappnet die Schar der Bergesriesen — die Feder will zu fröhlichem Sang aufjodeln, da sie ihre Namen schreiben soll: der langgestreckte rätselhafte Kamm, die gewaltigen Mauern der Boghartentirst und Sigels Alp und Maarwies, auf deren Zinnen wie Moos auf den Dächern würziger Graswuchs grünt, dann der Hüter des Seegeheimnisses, der "alte Mann" mit runzelgefurchter Stein Stirn und weissumschneitem Haupt, des hohen Säntis Kanzler und Busenfreund."

their names: the long mysterious Kamor, the mighty walls of the Boghartenfirst and Sigels Alp and the Maarwiese, on whose battlements fragrant grass grows like moss on housetops, then the keeper of the secret of the lake, the 'old man' with wrinkled, furrowed, stony brow, and snow-crowned head, the chancellor and bosom friend of the lofty Sântis."

Across a background of wild conditions and untamed nature move the people of the novel, and one must acknowledge that they are portrayed in such clear relief and humanness that they enlist our unwavering sympathy and interest. It is their faithfulness that appeals to us so powerfully. The figures before us are natural, possible types, and we comprehend them through their plastic nature and movements. What they are, they are as the result of logical conditions and processes which we perceive and appreciate. The ability to take the reader into partnership in tracing the career of one's characters is a delightful talent, and Scheffel possessed it. This is the reason why we follow the progress of his events so eagerly.

In our introductory chapter we drew attention to the indispensableness of objective methods in fiction: they lie at the foundation of all artistic work, and yet after all, in the last analysis, the personality of the author is bound to show through. Happy the book where this does not offend. From this standpoint it is interesting to observe Scheffel's romance. His characters develop before us for the most part with pleasing objectivity, and yet at the same time it would be hard to find a character which is not in some way an echo of himself. The atmosphere of nature in which the people of the book move, is Scheffel's own atmosphere; the humor of life which characterizes them is his own good feeling. But just as the perpetual breeziness of the open-air tone of the book seems perfectly natural and in keeping with the other elements of the picture, so do the subjective peculiarities of the characters. Scheffel veils his own feelings so skillfully in their very natures that we forget the voice behind the scenes.

Some critics have acted as if they had detected too much of the modern in Scheffel's portrayal of life in the tenth century,¹⁾ but this seems to us to be affecting a hostility toward what is not a fault but a necessity. No historical novel of real, lasting charm and merit can be written unless there is something in it to link it to the standpoint of the modern reader. This is accomplished in several ways, but the theory by which it is done is the belief that human nature is the same in all ages, and in all conditions and circumstances. Of course this can be true only in the elemental feelings of the race; these hold unchanged through centuries, and survive the wreck of states. That Scheffel puts touches into his work that suggest the present day is no criticism, not if we can feel at the same time that these touches set off just as faithfully the characters of long ago. If his people in nature and passion resemble people of to day, and if their love affairs sound modern, it is only because as characters they are the results of our appreciation and comprehension, not the sources. No, his types seem to us to be native to their age, but at the same time to possess those universal traits which relate them to every age.

As we have already shown, the chief idea of the story lies in the unfolding of the relation between the Duchess and the monk. The motive here, we contend, is not unusual, either in conception or development, but, nevertheless, it is worked out with pleasing regard for objective art. Ekkehard lives out his career before us so completely, so plainly, that we feel at the end we know him through and through. His dreaming, his awakening, his soul conflicts are intelligible to us because we know the psychology of them. There is not much doubt that Scheffel himself sat as model for many of the traits of his hero. He himself cherished a poetic fondness for learning, and felt embarrassed and ill at ease in the environments of society: there is, also, some indefinite evidence that about this time he figured in a romance, which turned out disastrously, and from the smart of which he sought relief in work and wandering.²⁾ With the Duchess the method of treatment is the same; she is haughty, autocratic, and lonely; Ekkehard, young, poetical, learned, who, along with his teaching of Virgil, promises to be interesting to his pupil, particularly if he is man as well as monk. The contest begins, wiles against unworldly blindness, a play that gives us, when we have followed it to the end, a clear impression of Frau Hadwig in the way she manifests and lives out herself.

¹⁾ See Meyer, *Deutsche Nationalliteratur im 19. Jahrh.*

²⁾ Otto Brahm, *Deut. Rundschau*, August, 1886.

The other characters, particularly those which do not grow so directly out of the sources, are all creations in this spirit. From the standpoint of pure literary finish and power, they are the successful ones of the novel. As we have already hinted, this comes from the fact that they spring directly from the imagination, never in any way having been hampered or bound by the requirements of history or chronicles. They are *in toto* children of Scheffel's mind, and their careers proof of his best talent. Such are Praxedis, Moengal, Romeias, Hadumoth and Audifax, the Waldfrau, and the Old Man of the Cave — certainly a remarkable array of strong figures.

In some respects the character of the Old Man of the Cave is the most striking and most successful one of the whole book, and yet it is in this character that we have a proof of how hazardous it is for one to postulate that "the novel may well demand to be regarded as the compeer of history," as Scheffel says in the introduction to *Ekkehard*. What sort of history, we might ask, would take a well-known king like Charles the Fat, out of his place and date, and transform him into a forgotten cave dweller of a hundred years later? An historian could not do that; the writer of fiction alone has that power, but it is to be seriously questioned if the writer of *historical* fiction dare do so, and whether, if he does, his work ought to be regarded as on an equality with history. From the standpoint of the historical novel, as Scheffel himself accepted its theories, and as most great writers before and since his day have accepted them, his procedure here is open to criticism. It shows the danger of bringing a well-known historical personage onto the stage of a novel — the very moment any liberties are taken with the career or life of such a character, he ceases to be historical, that is to say, becomes misleading and false, and of no more value than a purely fictitious character.¹⁾

A few years ago August Ferdinand Maier-Schwetzingen, in an article entitled "The Stronger Sex in Ekkehard²⁾," projected a new theory into the critical study of Scheffel's work, namely, that his men are weaker types than his women, and that by the repression of the strong sex he was unable to present a picture of the period quite so objectively as he may have desired; as a consequence the clergy come to the fore, the work has a modern tone, and is full of the author's social, political, and religious *Selbstbekenntnisse*. We can not accept this judgment. That the cloister forms the center of the picture is true, but probably this is what Scheffel intended; his hero is a monk, and the *Walthurius*, the capsheaf of his romance, is a product of monastic culture. Moreover, his whole "Geschichte aus dem zehnten Jahrhundert" is a *Culturgeschichte*, a picture of education and civilization of the early Middle Ages, on the remote marches of the empire, and the cloister *had* to be prominent. That Scheffel chose to have this element prominent makes it none the less true or genuine: there was a monastic side to civilization then, and most critics, we think, will agree that the book does not lose in *Anschaulichkeit*, in clearness from this fact. What another man would have made of the material we can not tell; but Scheffel's picture of the world as it was at the headwaters of the Rhine before the year 1000 certainly has all the colors of reality, and the impression it produces is real as well. This is the test.

We can not think either that "the intellectual and moral balance between the sexes" is disturbed in the book, or that the men, as types, are weak. It is true the hero is now and then weak, that Spazzo is a swashbuckler, and the monks exhibit not a little of pious guile; this is all evident enough. But one such character as Moengal without the cloister is an antidote for all the cloister's failings, and blind Thieto, in the cloister itself, is lovable and sterling. Romeias is a genuine character, a true man of the tenth century — gruff, uncouth, bear-like, but with a heart in the right place. Audifax, too, and the mountaineer, and Walter, who rides home with Hildegunde out of the land of the Huns, — as masculine types, they leave nothing to be desired, and fully uphold the dignity of the sex. And Ekkehard with all his failings is a man at last, — in our judgment, in every way a stronger character than the Duchess. In *Juniperus*, as far as the work is carried, the strong sex holds the balance of power com-

1) "Der historische Roman, der sich die Aufgabe stellt, das von der Geschichtsforschung verarbeitete Material zu beleben, künstlerisch wirksam zu machen, die Fehlerlieferungen der Vorzeit lebendig wirksam zu erhalten, wird durch solche Freiheiten aus einem Volksbildner leicht zu einem gefährlichen falschen Propheten, und zwar nur um so mehr, je besser er sich durch Treue im Costume den Anschein der Wahrheit zieht." Fr. Kreyssig, *Vorlesungen über den deut. Roman der Gegenwart*, p. 42

2) Scheffel-Jahrbuch, 1891.

pletely, and the hero is stalwart enough to satisfy the most exacting. But to urge this equilibrium of sex relations in a novel is to no purpose; the author is the sole arbiter in such cases, and the work must be judged by his intentions and purposes.

From one or two directions Scheffel has also been censured on the score of personal feeling against the clergy and the cloister; perhaps this is what Maier-Schwetzingen meant when he referred to the "confessions" that were in the book. But there is no occasion for this. That Scheffel in 1854 was for or against the Church, and showed this in the general tendency of *Ekkehard*, can not be shown, we think. Judging from the general effect of the book and the facts of his life, the monks of the early period, with their combination of learning, spirituality, and conviviality, were friendly and favorite types, and always aroused his keenest enthusiasm. He did not write so much from the standpoint of the religious partisan as from the standpoint of the artist, who takes his material and motives wherever he can find them. Anything with a "wahrhaft dichterischer Hauch" in it, as he was fond of saying, appealed to him, and churchly considerations did not enter into the account; proof of this is his somewhat elaborate plans to make the heretical Albigenses the heroic subject of a novel. If, therefore, he distorted the historical character of Wiborad in an uncatholic way,¹⁾ or allowed the monkish element to occupy a large and not very inspiring place in his picture of the tenth century, it was not done so much in a spirit of satire as from the instinct of literary art, which is apt to recognize no creed nor faith in its endeavor to be accurate. Whoever thinks Scheffel overdrew his picture in its general effect should read the *Cusus S. Galli* carefully.

There is a rich humor in the German folk, but it has frequently lost its spiciness and freshness when mixed with printer's ink. In Scheffel, however, Germany found a writer whose spirit of fun lost nothing by being transferred to print, and his *Ekkehard* is the first great German novel created in such a mood. The characters of the book live in a perpetual atmosphere of refreshing humor, and here also must be located one of the work's greatest charms and elements of power. This good nature is no doubt subjective in its origin; part of it coming directly from the author where he himself is visible in the story, part of it being inherent in the characters and their philosophy of life which is colored by his own. If this is a fault, as Pilz remarks, it is one which most humorous novelists are prone to, and in the work under discussion is so refreshing that we may excuse it without much trouble. Only once or twice there is too much of it, perhaps; it jars on the sensibilities as if the tone of the book had lost a little in dignity through the constant inclination to be jolly. It is in these places that the writer is obtrusively visible. Scheffel was like Heine in his inability to let slip an opportunity for levity. This point has not escaped his reviewers. "Nur der Humor des Dichters sprang übermütig jezuweilen über die Schranken hinaus, die die objektive Darstellung sich zog," is Stern's conclusion, and Mielke regrets that his boisterousness frequently approaches the dangerous limit of the *Burschikos*,—of the free and easy recklessness of student days. Nevertheless, extravagances and all, we prefer a serious novel placed in an air of joyousness to one steeped in soberness and gloom, and *Ekkehard* loses none of its attractiveness on this account.

Scheffel was heart and soul German; he writes as one who cherishes a profound reverence and love for German soil, customs, and civilization. "If he has not revealed a new ideal to Germany" says Bourdeau,²⁾ "nevertheless his work is the faithful echo of the pure German spirit, without trace of imitation or foreign taste." In a previous part we called attention to Scheffel's views concerning the purpose of historical fiction, and how he believed it might be made a means to inculcate patriotism. In *Ekkehard* we have proof of his theories, but it is evident there is nothing provincial or governmental in his love of country—it is the *German land* that calls forth his enthusiasm. All the way through the book we see how he

1) "Ganz entstellt ist das Bild der Klausnerin Wyborada, die von der Kirche als heilig verehrt, vom Dichter als eine griesgrämige, zornmüthige Hexe geschildert wird: aller geschichtlichen Wahrheit entbehren die sakrilegischen Scenen in der Burgkapelle des Hohentwiel, und weit entfernt davon, dass das Mönchtum im 10. Jahrhundert ausgeartet gewesen, waren die Mönche gerade damals von lebendiger, tiefer, Religiosität durchdrungen und die St. Gallischen Mönche besonders waren Muster in Zucht und Frömmigkeit."—Brugler, *Geschichte der deutschen National-literatur*, Freiburg i. B., 1893.

2) "S'il n'a pas révélé à l'Allemagne un idéal nouveau, du moins son œuvre est le fidèle écho du pur esprit germanique, sans trace d'imitation ni de goût étranger." *Revue des deux Mondes*, 15 Août, 1883.

exults in this feeling of race pride. The Rhine, the gloomy valleys of the Black Forest, the Alps, and the whole region where the scene of his romance is laid, rests under the glow of a sweet fondness for the homeland and its sturdy people. Some may urge that he was Alemannian and wrote as an Alemannian. In a sense this is true — he was like the Swabian poets in this respect — and the *Trompeter*, *Ekkehard*, *Juniperus*, and *Hugideo* are all products of his home region; but the German feeling in them is broader than their mere geography — it is a poetic, romantic affection for a race rather than for a tribe. This feeling, however, did not shut his eyes to the vulnerable places of the German nature, and in *Praxedis*, as *Proelss* hints, we have a creation which in its gentleness, grace, and unconscious charm is a reproach directed at some of the harsher qualities of the ponderous, rough-and-ready people of the North.

Scheffel delighted in the name German, but he was content to accept it as it came through the traditions of the centuries. For this reason it would have been impossible for him to have become a political novelist, exploiting certain historical characters for the sake of their political ideas and careers: no, his German world was the world of mind and soul life, and his power, ability to understand and interpret it. One must not think from this that he had no interest in the march of things around him; he was ever fully abreast of the progress of events, but he often contemplated them with the perplexed air of one who is awakened from a dream.

Scheffel was human, with an earnest human sympathy for his land and race. He loved the open air and the mountains, and the sound, whole-souled people who in the early days were laying the foundations of modern German life and culture; he understood their character from some subtle kinship; he laughed and grew merry over their awkward strides toward civilization, he threw around them and their world an inimitable charm of poesy and romance, but it never veiled reality. For this reason, in spite of faults and weaknesses, — what literary monument is free from them, — his work exults in strength and lives on in perpetual youth.

CHAPTER VIII.

Style.

THE reader who closes *Ekkehard* after the first perusal, and tries to analyze the impression which the book has made upon him, will be in the thrall of two enchantments: of the poetical, nature-filled spirit which pervades the work, and the vivid, human *reaisemblance* of the characters; but as he ponders upon these charms, and studies them more closely, he detects that they are both rooted in the literary style in which the novel is written. — both grow out of it, or better, are embraced in it. Yes, the composite strength of the work lies in its stylistic dress, as is scarcely true of another novel in German literature; in no novel with which we are acquainted does the style come so nearly being the book itself.

Buffon said, "Style is the man," and we see it here in this achievement of Scheffel's pen; and yet we are not impressed with any overdue sense of the author. the subjectivity of tone and manner is not displeasing, — it is not realized. The style taken in its total impression, like the nature effects and the delineation of character, as detailed expressions of it, seems to be in complete harmony with the plan and spirit of the picture the author drew. "He expresses in words," says *Proelss*, "with charming naturalness whatever he feels, thinks, and mentally perceives through his artistic fancy."¹⁾ That this was instinct with him more than deliberate attempt, seems to follow from the general success which attended his efforts; we see the folly of affected, conscious artificiality in the workings of what Anton Breitner denominates the "Scheffel bacillus" among contempo-

¹⁾ "Indem er mit natürlicher Frische in Worte prägt, was er fühlt, denkt und mit malerisch veranlagter Phantasie im Geiste schaut."

rary and later writers.¹⁾ The quaint, old-fashioned sound to Scheffel's diction was the syrup which lured many a literary fly into adhesive imitation.

“Wir kleben-wir kleben-wir kleben!
Wir kleben und kommen nicht los!”

They mistook the source of the charm. It was not alone in the archaic terms and turns of speech with which the book abounded, but in the magic potency of mind itself which came in this way to expression, in the unique handling of thought and arrangement of sentences, and in the fluid medium of the humor. Scheffel's style was a composite product, it was the man itself.²⁾

Most readers of *Ekkehard* accept the peculiarities of the style as an artificial effect belonging in a category with the antiquarian sources and general antiquity of the period. This is not the case, however, — such a literary expression was quite natural to Scheffel. There is abundant evidence of this.

“As soon as he gets engaged in an extended conversation, and his interest in it increases, his apparent awkwardness changes, — he grows animated and more ardent, and his thought and humor soar in ever-increasing brilliancy; then it is an enjoyment, a real pleasure, to hear him speak. The clear and beautiful manner of expression, the carefully chosen words which this versatile, poetically thinking man joins together in a mellow bass voice, not hastily but surely, make all the greater impression the more one detects in them a warmth of inner feeling. In a word, Joseph Victor von Scheffel speaks just as the author of *Ekkehard* writes.”³⁾

The artist, Eduard Engerth, in his recollection of Scheffel in the Italian days, makes this even clearer:—

“I call up his *Ekkehard* in order to give an idea of the individuality of his oral narration, — that is his most characteristic work: when I read it, I always hear his voice. The alternation of tone, the language itself full of dialectical and quaint expressions, the touch of irony, — all this reminds me in the most vivid way of our evenings in Albano.”⁴⁾

Scheffel was not an imitator, yet he was not free from outward influences. In his poetry he seemed to have been under the spell of Heine's genius and lyrical expression,⁵⁾ and we have seen that his novel, in structure and make-up, contains many traces of external suggestion and inspiration. His literary style was influenced first by family and home surroundings, and later by the whole course of his student career. Bourdeau has figured out that his humor was peculiarly Swabian, and no doubt there is truth in this, for his whole nature was strongly marked by Swabian traditions. As we have mentioned before, he was of pronounced Black-Forest ancestry, and, with his poetic temperament, early came to feel a pious reverence for all that related to the land of his kindred and race,—

“Das Land der Alemannen mit seiner Berge Schnee.”

From childhood he lived more or less in a language atmosphere, the ozone of which came from the sturdy dialect of the region, and its vigor and natural force came early to be a part of his literary feeling. The whole trend of his later education strengthened this predilection and instinct. Hebel, the poet of the Forest, delighted him; Hauff, the first novelist of the region,

1) “*Litteraturbilder. Fin de Siècle.* 1 Bändchen. Scheffel.”

2) “Jener alte anheimelnde Hauch, der uns aus den vergilbten Unkunden des ‘Ekkehard’ anweht, wie der Duft vom Frühlingsgrün, das eine Bergraine saftig überwuchert, liegt nicht in den genannten und ähnlichen Archaismen, sondern vielmehr im Zauber des Gedankens und der kraftvollen Satzstellung, um die sich der Humor rankt, wie das Immergrün um den Stamm der Eiche, und diese Sprachkraft und dieser Humor sind Scheffel's bisher nicht nachempfunden Eigen geblieben.”

3) “Sobald er aber in ein längeres Gespräch sich einlässt und wachsendes Interesse an demselben nimmt, verändert sich sein scheinbar schwerfälliges Wesen; er wird lebhaft, erwärmt sich zusehends stets mehr und zeigt in glänzender Steigerung den Schwung seiner Gesinnung und seines Humors,—dann ist es ein hoher Genuss, eine wahre Freude, diesen Mann sprechen zu hören. Seine an sich schöne und klare Ausdrucksweise, die trefflich gewählten Worte, die der vielseitig gebildete, dichterisch fühlende Mann mit einer vollen, wohlklingenden Bassstimme nicht schnell, aber in sicherer Folge ineinanderreicht, machen einen um so grösseren Eindruck, je mehr man aus ihnen die Wärme einer Empfindung heraus hört, welche aus dem Innern quillt. Mit einem Wort: Joseph Victor von Scheffel spricht wie der Dichter des ‘Ekkehard,’ schreibt.” Gebhardt Zernim — *Erinnerungen.*

4) “Ich erinnere, um von der individuellen Färbung seiner mündlichen Erzählungen eine Anschauung zu geben an den ‘Ekkehard’; das ist sein natürliches Werk; als ich es las, hörte ich immer seine Stimme; der Wechsel der Tonart, die Sprache, welche gern mundartliche und alterthümliche Ausdrücke braucht, der Zug von Selbstironie — das alles erinnerte mich auf das Lebhafteste an unsere Abende in Albano.”

5) Wilhelm Südel, *Heine's Einfluss auf Scheffel's Dichtungen.* Dissertation, Leipzig, 1898.

was the favorite author of his earlier reading years; and his Germanic studies only brought closer and strengthened the inheritance of his Alemannian origin. Others have perceived this, too. "This Alemannian past came more and more to the surface in Scheffel," says Brahm, "in his form . . . in his manner of life, in the very fiber of his being and writing. I had not spoken three words with him before I noticed it."¹) And so it was, his language and manner of expression reflected the past that was within him. All his prose utterances have the same stylistic ring, which we distinguish, only in a more pronounced way, in *Ekkehard*. Without discussing here the peculiar elements of this style, we introduce a few quotations in support of this. From his *Reiseskizzen*:—

. . . Wer über die gefährlichen Pässe der Oberalp herüber gekommen ist ins Bündner Land, der denkt des Abends, nicht minder als an rauhe Schönheit zurückgelegter Gebirgspfade, auch an sichere Herberge zur Pflege der müden Knochen. Diese findet er aber zu Dissentis am Fuss der weitaufsteigenden Klostermauern in hinreichender Fülle.

. . . Es ward uns vollständig klar, dass in diesem Frack noch ein Stück Urgeschichte verborgen lag: es war dies sicherlich jenes "eigenthümlich verlängerte Kamisol der keltischen Handkärner," die Carikella, die schon dem römischen Imperator dereinst, ob seiner Vorliebe dafür, den Spottnamen Caracalla eintrug."

. . . Es ist wohl ein schön Stück deutschen Landes dort zwischen Mainz und Köln, und mancher zehrt noch in alten Tagen an der Erinnerung wie er dereinstmals auf grünem Rhein an Burgen, Kirchen und alten Städtlein vergnüglich vorbeigefahren, etwan auch zu Rüdesheim oder Asmannshausen sich an köstlichem Trunke gelezt, . . . etc.

. . . Selbigesmal sei aber das Saltpetererlicht zuerst erloschen, und von da an habe er sich mit seinem Gewissen abgefunden und den "alten Rechten vom Grafen Haus" den Abschied gegeben.

Juniperus begins thus:—

In kühler Gartenveranda des Klosters auf Berg Karmel sassen im Jahre des Herren eilfhundert und neunzig etliche deutsche Kreuzfahrer ritterlichen Standes aus dem Heere, das Landgraf Ludwig der Milde von Thüringen, dem grossen schwerfällig zu Land einherziehenden Pilgerheer seines Oheims des Kaiser Friedrich Rothbart vorausseilend, von Brundisium über Meer vor Ptolemais geführt hatte.

Or from *Hugiden*:—

. . . Zu selber Zeit kam einstmals ein Mann den Rhein entlang geschritten, der sah trüb und traurig drein, war auch eine hoch aufgeschossene blondlockige, rothwangige Gestalt, aber kein Landbürtiger, trug ein faltig Gewand, wie einer bei dem Römern drüben gehaus't, und schien einen schweren Kummer als Reisegepäck mit sich zu führen, denn er schaute oftmals in des Rheines grünflutende Wogen, als zög' es ihn zu ihnen hinunter, und möcht' er am liebsten auf kühlem Stromgrund sein Quartier nehmen.

But while quaintness of language was in a sense natural to Scheffel, we must not think he was unaware of it or used it unconsciously. He was keenly sensible to its power and expressiveness, and clearly saw how the natural poetic richness of odd turns and words of a rugged, primitive speech helped to lend color and effectiveness to a literary style. In Note 75 of *Ekkehard* he would seem to make this clear.

"Whether the Abbot was right or not in thus opposing the German tongue as it was spoken at that time, may be passed by. Since then it has undergone a thorough change: the majority of pithy, vigorous words, derived from a constant intercourse with nature, have disappeared, and with them rich, full-sounding forms, and in their places has come a colder, varnished, and polished manner of speech. However, when we read old Notker's uncouth but magnificent German writings, we seem to catch a breath of fragrant mountain air, and feel a genuine, dignified poesy which has none of the twittering of sparrows nor the cawing of ravens in it."²)

Of course, Scheffel's peculiarities of style in *Ekkehard* do not consist entirely in the use of obsolete words and old-fashioned turns, the "altertümelige Sprache" which the crit-

¹) ". . . und diese allemannische Vergangenheit kam in Scheffel, je länger je mehr, zum Durchbruch, in seiner Gestalt, . . . in seiner Lebensführung in dem Kern seines Dichtens und Seins. Noch keine drei Worte hatte ich mit Scheffel gesprochen als dieser Zug auch schon zur Erscheinung kam."

²) "Ob der Abt Recht gehabt, die deutsche Sprache, so wie sie damals gesprochen ward, also anzufechten, möge dahin gestellt sein. Sie hat sich seither von Grund aus umgestaltet, die Mehrzahl der kernigen, kräftigen, einem steten Verkehr mit der Natur entnommenen Worte, so wie die vollen tonreichen Formen sind verschwunden und haben einer kühleren, gefirnisssten und abgeschliffenen Redeweise Platz gemacht. Uns aber, wenn wir des alten Notker ungefügg grossartige deutsche Schriften lesen, weht es mir jedesmal daraus an wie ein Hauch würziger Bergluft und ächter, ehrwürdiger Poesie, die von keinem Spatzengezwitscher und von keinen Rabenzekflähze ist."

ics emphasize, yet these are certainly striking features of the book, and deserve some attention here for the question they raise in historical fiction.

How far shall the author seek to bring out "historical color," to use one of Freytag's phrases, through quaintness and obsolescence of language?

Such an expedient was known to Walter Scott, though he used it cautiously; and in Germany Hauff and Alexis, before Scheffel, had tried it. With them, however, it was more a characteristic of dialogue than of the general tone of their work. Of those after Scheffel, who saw in this method a valuable accessory to the writer's artistic helps, may be mentioned Freytag. He clung to it as a valuable literary right and privilege. "The manner of expression in *Ingo*," he says, "where the material is most remote, is unavoidable; in *Ingraban* it grows a little less apparent, especially in the speech of Winfried, with his Latin education. In each of the later stories, even in the last ones, the *Freicorporal* and *Aus einer kleinen Stadt*, the author felt the same need to reproduce the atmosphere of the period in the language. Were the writer to give this up, he would be giving up a very valuable means of characterizing a period.¹⁾

Most historical novelists have, like Freytag, been content to let this antiquity of diction appear chiefly in the speech of their characters; Scheffel was, perhaps, the first novelist to create a romance, where from beginning to end, the style itself contained this feeling of the past. With him it was not a peculiarity of dialogue merely, the whole work was composed in this spirit. In English fiction we have two novels, Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" and Conan Doyle's "Micah Clark," where the language is a rendering of the speech of Puritan England, but both these are "Ich-Erzählungen,"—narratives in the first person. Both Blackmore and Doyle aimed at the exact linguistic color of a period. Scheffel's plan in *Ekkehard* was different; he was content if only his language in its ruggedness, poetry, and imagery suggested a primitive age in the culture of the German folk. There is no doubt he saw that the theory of producing historical effects in diction can not be pursued too far, and that the author can not go back to an age so remote that the language would be unintelligible. Who would read a novel written in the speech of Chaucer or Wolfram von Eschenbach? Who could? *Ekkehard* is a picture out of the tenth century, yet the "language color" is of a much more recent period, rather late Middle High German and dialectical modern German.

Perhaps we have carried the discussion far enough, so that we may profitably now consider more in detail the linguistic peculiarities of Scheffel's style. Even the casual reader of *Ekkehard* who may possibly not have more than an ordinary acquaintance with the author's mother tongue, will at once detect the quaintness of diction in it,—a quaintness that shows itself in many peculiarities of word and inflection. If the matter is studied a little, one will see that Scheffel has used a large number of old word-forms, and introduced not a few dialectal traits and expressions.

In the first place he was constantly making use of his knowledge of Middle High German to help him give a touch of obsolescence to his pages. As we have already indicated, he was an enthusiast in all that related to the past of his people, in language and literature as well as history, and he could not resist rejuvenating in *Ekkehard* as much of the past as possible. A good many of the unusual words and forms he employed are pure Middle High German which had lived on in literature even beyond Luther's day, and longer still in dialect; for example, in the nominative singular the two words *Grafe* (M. H. G. grāve) and *Hemde* (M. H. G. hemedē); *Merker*, *Minne*, *Pörtner* (M. H. G. portenaere), *March* (M. H. G. march, mare), *Gejaid* (M. H. G. gejegete, gejeit); *Tagstern* (M. H. G. tagsterne), *Lappi* (M. H. G. lappe), *Klus* (M. H. G. klüse, klūs), *Legel* (M. H. G. lagel, laegel, legel), *Talp* (M. H. G. talpe); *jetzo* (M. H. G. iezuo), *etwan* (M. H. G. ettewanne, ettewan), *anderweiter* (M. H. G. anderweide, anderweit); *fraulich* (M. H. G. vrouweliche), *kecklich* (M. H. G. keckliche), *unbauhaft* (M. H. G. búhaft); the use of *so* as relative in the real mediæval sense, also temporal "if," and

¹⁾ "Unvermeidlich ist die Sprachweise im 'Ingo,' dem am weitesten abliegenden Stoffe, am fremdartigsten, sie wird schon im 'Ingraban' etwas weniger auffallen, zumelst in der Sprache des lateinisch gebildeten Winfried. In jeder der späteren Geschichten, auch noch in den letzten Erzählungen, dem 'Freicorporal' und 'Aus einer kleinen Stadt,' hatte der Verfasser genau dasselbe Bedürfniss, die Zeitfarbe in der Sprache wieder zu geben. Sollte der Schaffende darauf verzichten, so würde er ein für ihn sehr werthvolles Mittel, die Zeit zu charakterisiren aufgeben müssen."—*Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben*.

various verb forms which were common in the older speech, like *solt*, 2d singular (M. H. G. *solt*, *salt*), *vahen*, a weak form (M. H. G. *vāhen*, *fahen*), *schilt* (*schellen*), *gesehest* (*gesehen*), *sung* (*singen*); and such archaisms as *flucht* (*fliegen*), *entbent*, *kreucht*, *zouch*, etc. Scheffel also employs words and expressions that are more peculiarly dialectical and provincial; as for example, *ek' und bevor*, *Ankehr* for *Einkehr*, *auseinand*, *ineinand*, *sothan*, *frähsam*, *Gezeug*, (*Kind*), *undiensam*, *stawnig*, *namhaft*, *vornjährlig*, *zwei beide*, *Stubeten* (Swiss for *Stübchen*), *luegte* (Swiss *lögte*), *Traumscheider*, *massen* (Weil), *Tschoben* (Joppe), *Schlufft*, *Schnipfel*, etc. Then there is frequent recourse to the South-German oddity of adjective inflection, such as *ein weiss Röslein*, etc., such vernacular turns as *sehr ein unverschämter*, the omission of *es* in impersonal constructions, or of *sein*¹⁾ to give a legal, document-like flavor. Moreover, the whole book is a monument of capricious word-compounds, some of them Latinisms, some ponderous Germanisms, but all striking and expressive.

The phraseology of *Ekkehard* is even more remarkable than the mere verbal peculiarities. The arrangement of clauses, the way sentences go together, the manner in which paragraphs are constructed, the various combinations for rhetorical effects.—all these things betray a keen literary instinct and skill, and show off the author's style to its best advantage. Here, too, Scheffel seems to have been influenced by the traditions of the language, and one detects many reminders of the syntax and manner of an earlier day.

At the very foundation of his prose lies a fondness for the short sentence. Any page of *Ekkehard* will demonstrate this. In the first chapter there are no less than 30 such sentences from six to thirteen words in length. At the time when Scheffel wrote, this was unusual in the novel, and it would almost seem as if he was influenced by the drama in this respect. Particularly effective is the way in which he heaps such independent sentences together into paragraphs. For example:—

. . . Der Star war aber tiefer gebildet. Er konnte ausser dem gereimten Klingklang auch das Vaterunser sagen. Der Star war auch hartnäckig und konnte seine Grillen haben, so gut wie eine Herzogin in Schwaben.

. . . Der Abt drängte, dass sie vorüber kamen. Seine Prunkgemächer waren mit Blumen geschmückt. Frau Hadwig warf sich in den einfachen Lehnstuhl, auszuruhen vom Wechsel des Erschauten. Sie hatte in den wenigen Stunden viel erlebt. Es war noch eine halbe Stunde zum Abendimbiss.

. . . Audifax und Hadumoth waren in die Burg von Twiel zurückgekehrt. Ihres nächtlichen Ausbleibens war nicht geachtet worden. Sie schwiegen von den Begebnissen jener Nacht. Auch unter sich. Audifax hatte viel nachzudenken.

Or from the last chapter:—

. . . Am Bodensee rüstete man zur Weinlese. An einem milden Abend sass Frau Hadwig im Gärtlein ihrer Burg, die treue Praxedis zur Seite. Die Griechen hatten unerquickliche Zeiten. Ihre Gebieterin war verstimmt, misszufrieden, unzugänglich. Auch heute wollte ein Gespräch nicht gelingen. Es war ein schlimmer Gedächtnisstag.

Another striking peculiarity which is related to the former one, is produced by grouping clauses and sentences together carelessly with only a comma to separate them. This gives a catchy terseness and quickness to the style, yet it is not disagreeable. We offer a few illustrations:—

. . . Fröhlich schritt er unter seiner Bürde über die Schwelle, die kein Frauenfuss berühren durfte, der Abt ihm zur Seite, Kammerer und Dienstmannen folgten, hoch schwingen die dienenden Knaben ihre Weihrauchfässer, und die Mönche wandelten in gedoppelter Reihe, wie sie gekommen, hinterdrein, die letzten Strophen ihres Loblieds singend.

. . . Er trat ans Fenster, eine kühle Herbstluft wehte ihm entgegen, ein dunkler, eberner unendlicher Himmel spannte sich über das schweigende Land, die Sterne funkelten, nah, fern, licht, matt: so gross hatte er das Himmelgewölbe noch niemals erschaut.

. . . Auf stattlichem Rappen ritt bei der Waldfrau ein Mägdlein, kurz aufgeschürzt, in kecker Fülle gesunden Reiterlebens, unter stumpfem Näslein ein verführerisch Lippenpaar, die Augen funkelnd, das Haar zu einer wallenden Flechte geschlungen, die von rotem Band durchwoben in der Luft flatterte wie Wimpel eines Meerschiffs. Ueber das lose Mieder hing Bogen und Köcher, so tummelte sie ihr Tier, eine hunnische Artemis.

¹⁾ Carruth, school edition of *Ekkehard*.

Scheffel's sentences are also full of surprises caused by little quirks and turns of speech. The most effective of these is a short, pithy utterance coming in unexpectedly after a semicolon or a period :—

. . . Sie wollte zum Fenster hinausschauen, da blies ihr ein feiner Luftzug den Nebel in's Angesicht: *das war ihr nicht recht.*

. . . Die zwei Holzhauer hatten indess ihre Arbeit beendet und schlichen auf des Berges Rückseite von dannen: *sie fürchteten die Herzogin.*

. . . Darum lag das Kloster in stiller Ruhe, als drüben schon die Rosse wieherten, nur Herr Cralo kam pflichtschuldig herüber. *Er wusste was die Sitte gebot.*

Of course, the writer of *Ekkehard* resorted to other devices: in subordinate clauses he was fond of leaving out his auxiliaries, and he used many appositive words or phrases, but by combining these three types of sentence effects, he succeeded in giving his style a remarkable uniqueness. Usually his paragraphs are composites of these types; frequently, however, he has paragraphs of markedly different style in close contact, particularly at the beginning of a chapter, or in the discussion of a new subject in the midst of a chapter. Now and then, also, we detect some special vagaries of composition. Once an old-fashioned wedding invitation is imitated, in a few places he introduces a *Kanzlei* style, and the Audifax episode starts in with the manner of the fairy story.

We have already spoken of the gentle nature tone of the book, but it shows out in the diction in a striking way through the similes employed. Almost without exception they are related to nature, or out-of-door life. They are legion :—

,— als streiche ein Flug Wildenten drin herum,— wie ein Schatten eilenden Gewölks, wie der Erdball um seine Achse,— wie der funkelnde Tautropfen am Fliegenschwamm,— wie ferner Donner,— wie Essig auf Honigseim,— wie ein Stern,— etc., etc.

Such, then, are the leading peculiarities of Scheffel's style, still we are aware that we have only imperfectly indicated its strength, pleasingness, and freshness. Style is the sum total of an author's genius, personality, nature, and in any man these are hard to weigh in words. We feel the charm, though we can not describe it. It is the same with Scheffel.

CHAPTER IX.

Place in German Literature.

SCHEFFEL was a Romanticist by nature and by practice. Some would even go so far as to usurp Eichendorff's title, and call him "the last Romanticist," as if he were a close lineal descendant of that early remarkable movement. Scheffel was a Romanticist, but not an "old" one,— he was a *new* one of a safer and healthier type. His romance like his poetry shows this.

In our introductory sketch of the course of the historical novel in Germany before 1850, we called attention to the interest the Romanticists showed for the past German history, how they regarded it as a magic field in which to find new elements for the Fatherland's literature, and how they were finally carried away by the intoxicating rapture of the very charm they had released there. Not until this glamour was removed, and the sentimental, mystical, and pessimistical principles of the school were broken through, forgotten, or changed, did Romanticism really accomplish any worthy results. As paradoxical as it may seem, before the Romanticists could attain to anything enduring they had to get away from their own theories.¹⁾ When delight in the dreamy, mysterious, ravishing witchery of the Middle

¹⁾ "Was die Romantik wollte, wurde erst von jenen zu Ehren gebracht, die sich von ihrer reiferen Entwicklung an von der Schule losgesagt hatten."—*Klar*.

Ages turned into scholarly enthusiasm for the *Volkstümlich*, the historical, the literary, and the cultural of that period, then Romanticism had found a safe and noble object. The work of Arnim and Brentano in collecting the folksongs of the past, the inspiring achievements of the Brothers Grimm, of Lassberg, and Lachmann, of von der Hagen, Eichhorn, Simrock, Uhland, Hauff, and many others in discovering the real past of a real folk,—this the bond that connected Victor von Scheffel in his poetry and fiction with the Romanticists.

That he was different from the "old-line" followers of the schools shows in the way he regarded the past. With them the Middle Ages in history, literature, and culture was a period where their souls luxuriated in wild flights of fancy, sickly sentimentality, religious fanaticism and ecstasy, of hopeless, bitter irony and humor. On the other hand, Scheffel derived from the Middle Ages a far different inspiration,—his *Ekkehard* is proof enough of this. There is poetry, imagination, and idealism here, but they are rooted in nature and reality. The book abounds in sentiment, but it is wholesome and human, and free from sickly traits. The religious tone of his fiction is also far removed from the tone of the Romanticists; we are not in an atmosphere of delirium and frenzy where humanity becomes uncanny and unnatural, but in an atmosphere of simple, religious feeling which works upon humanity, but does not rob it of its true nature. And how different is Scheffel's humor from the typical humor of the real Romanticists. He did not look upon life with disappointment, nor scourge it with the implacable irony and bitterness of despair. He had his own woes,—what man does not?—but he did not dip his pen in gall to draw his picture of the world.

The modern historical novel in Germany, while a resultant of many forces, was, as we have already called attention to, indebted to Walter Scott for the inspiration which carried it through the first quarter century of its development. A good deal of Romanticism figured in it at first,—the great Englishman himself may be counted among the followers of the school, but like Scheffel he appropriated its virtues rather than its illusive vices. There were noticeably two distinguishing traits in Scott's romances,—an intense national feeling, and secondly, historical faithfulness and carefulness, but with the antiquarian element concealed under a pleasing rhetorical dress.¹⁾ By the year 1850, or thereabouts, both these features to some extent had become characteristic of the historical novel in Germany,—the first more than the last. The Romanticists with all their faults were patriotic, and from Arnim's *Kronenwächter* through the tolerably long list of historical novels, good and bad, to Alexis' work in the 40's and 50's, there is an onward moving current of German national feeling and ambition. Still, Scott's treatment of history, while serving largely as inspiration, had been in some measure departed from; the historical spirit was interpreted differently,—it was not as a rule made so remote, and it was usually more political and personal. No one can tell just what the development of the historical novel in Germany would have been after 1850, had no new blood been transfused into it; one may imagine it would not have been very remarkable nor brilliant.

Luckily there came in these years a revival of intellectual energy in all directions. A stronger national feeling began to manifest itself in the heart throbs of the people, and a new zest was shown for the story of the past. It was by no means the feverish enthusiasm of a second Romanticism, confined to poets and visionists,—it was a deep-going, serious regard for the course of history and the way it has dealt with the German land. It is now that we find a galaxy of remarkable historians, who sought with all the skill of the dramatist and the arts of the narrator to give charm and popular interest to their work. And they succeeded, perhaps, beyond their fondest expectations.

In the field of theoretical and actual politics, also, great thinkers arose, and in dogmatic and ecclesiastical affairs such men as Strauss, Bauer, Feuerbach, spoke in no uncertain tones. The history of thought and mind likewise claimed attention, and a half-dozen great spirits in the years around the turning point of the century shone out in noontday splendor. The Young German movement had not yet spent its force, and powerful incentives, particularly in the drama, came from it to those who were embarking in letters. More than this, it was not long before the drama itself yielded place to the novel, and this was not strange, for fiction everywhere was entering upon a new lease of life. In 1850-51 appeared

¹⁾ See David Masson, *British Novelists and Their Styles*, Lecture III.

Gutzkow's *Die Ritter vom Gräst*, a work in nine volumes, embodying the new theory of the *Nebeneinander*,—the "side-by-side" exposition and treatment; Auerbach's first novel, *Neues Leben*, came in 1852, and *Der grüne Heinrich*, by Gottfried Keller in 1854. Not a few lesser talents were active in historical fiction. Out of the *renaissance* in history-writing developed a mania for framing the figures of great historical characters in romance. And so we have Luise Mühlbach with her *Johann Gutzkowsky*, *Friedrich der Grosse*, *Kaiser Joseph*, Ring's *Der grosse Kurfürst*, Oettinger's *Jerome Napoleon*, and other works of more or less importance. It was a remarkable point in German literature, this halfway mark of the nineteenth century, and it would be strange if Scheffel did not feel the movement of the times. But the inspiration that came to him was one that spurred him to independence, not imitation. Gutzkow's technique offered no grasp for his ideals, and Auerbach and Keller could only invigorate by suggestion of original strength and kindred earnestness. The new awakening in history and historical romance only convinced him that a picture of primitive life and civilization had more to commend it than exaggerated hero-worship. Stimulated and incited by contemporary movements he proceeded on a course of his own.

Scheffel was fitted for what he did, both by training and natural bent of mind; his home and family connections were themselves full of history and romance; his education and later work only added to this. When simmered down, his various literary achievements, particularly his novel-writing, were the sum total of many converging influences. *Ekkehard* appeared in 1855. It was not a large volume,—had nothing of what Rudyard Kipling calls the "three decker" in it, and set up no new theory on the ruins of some old one; but nevertheless it was a departure from the past, not so much in technique of structure as in literary finish and expression. In the first place it was a strong manifesto of the author's interpretation of Romanticism, and embodied a new creed; and then it showed what the inheritance of the past in historical fiction meant. There can be no doubt that Scheffel had drunk from this stream along its whole course, particularly in its passage through the modern period; the earlier work of the seventeenth century had not much to offer him. In his youth he was an enthusiastic reader of Walter Scott, and Scott's first great pupil, Hauff, was his avowed favorite. From that day on, the whole career of the historical novel had something for him; Spindler, Alexis, and the rest by suggestion of patriotism, treatment of material, enthusiasm for particular regions, served as encouragement and general inspiration. Outside of the general spirit of this progress, the effect of which was felt in his work, but which can not be so easily detailed, Hauff was evidently his greatest model; and this was natural. He was a Swabian, he wrote with patriotic appreciation of the homeland; his work was inspiring, and full of that force which was so akin to Scheffel's own nature. From Hauff first, then from later writers indirectly, Scheffel took his cue. Hauff was practically the first to introduce landscapes in clear colors; Alexis improved on this; Scheffel was an adept. Hauff's narrative was full of humor; *Ekkehard* a triumph of humor. Hauff's patriotism was local; Alexis' first local then national: Scheffel's likewise local, but at the same time full of proud Germanism and race glory. In most of the work before Scheffel, politics and local or state intrigues had been prominent or noticeable; in *Ekkehard* this was not allowed to appear for a moment. Scheffel's novel answered to other impulses. The general awakening of learning over the land, particularly in history and Germanic literature and language, spoke out here. In all these ways and more, his work was a natural and opportune product of development. Coming as it did, great and commanding as it was, in its complete effect it was a work of influence.

In its greatest designation *Ekkehard* was a novel of the culture type; its spirit was more the history of civilization than the history of events, and in this field it was practically a pioneer, a work of far-reaching effect. No novel which had appeared in Germany before 1855 could compare with it in the amount of research and study which was at its foundation; no novel before it could show such an intimate and subtle comprehension of the age and locality in which it was laid. German historical fiction had absorbed the distinguishing traits of foreign romance, but it had not produced such a work as this,—one that brought to the study of the past the poesy of Romanticism, the enthusiasm of the explorer, and the keen, critical judgment of the learned investigator. In making it clear that fiction had a legitimate field

for its efforts in drawing a picture of the civilization and culture of a certain age, this is what made *Ekkehard* a landmark in German literature, this is what made it so suggestive for after writers.

The historical novel from this time on developed in various directions. The *Anekdotenroman* flourished for a decade, Gutzkow's theory found acceptance, Riehl created a new type of historical *Novelle*, but Scheffel's influence was manifest in them all. The very spirit of his style worked like an elixir in the veins of contemporaneous and later writers. More than any other novel before it *Ekkehard* was an embodiment of poetry, nature, humor, of *volkstümlich* and lifelike characterization, and these diverse traits cast an evident spell over German literature.

The first result of Scheffel's success, both with the *Trompete* and with *Ekkehard*, was that the public was overwhelmed with an enormous amount of imitation, some of it good, some bad. Breitner in his article¹⁾ on the *Scheffel-Bacillus* has traced the ravages of the disease carefully. It seems that Scheffel himself beheld the workings of the epidemic with humorous resignation.²⁾ Alike title and contents were copied. Following the *Trompete* we have a revival of works with *von* titles, works in similar verse and style, works with all sorts of Hiddigei-like beasts, birds, and reptiles: following *Ekkehard*, novels, epics, dramas, and characters modeled with palpable "*Scheffelei*." Without comment we mention in this list as most important, Weber's *Dreizehnlinden*, Wolff's *Taunhäuser*, Baumbach in prose and verse, and Ganghofer's *Martinsklause*.

Aside from this work of lesser writers, it is difficult to designate the exact scope of Scheffel's influence; so many other impulses have come into German literature in later years that it is well-nigh impossible to trace the Scheffel current closely. No doubt, however, that the great historical novelists who followed him derived hints and inspiration from him. Ebers, who introduced the "archaeological" novel, found encouragement in Scheffel's method, and in *Homo Sum* worked out a motive which has some resemblance to the thought of *Ekkehard*. Freytag, who chose a direction for his romance, like Scheffel, more in connection with the interests of the Fatherland and the race, may well be mentioned as having also stood, in a sense, under his influence. Freytag was himself an original, sturdy workman in literature, and made his debut in romance quite independent of Scheffel; but when in later years he turned to historical fiction, we can not but think he derived encouragement from his predecessor's reception by the public.³⁾ In *Die Ahnen* we certainly have a trace of Scheffel. The idea of *Die Ahnen* (1872-80) goes back undoubtedly to the *Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit* (1859-67), where we see a similar interest in tracing through generations the destiny of a single family, but it is quite probable that the primal impulse to the *Bilder* came from Scheffel's work. From their very appearance, the public felt that the *Ahnen* were but a continuation of the work in which *Ekkehard* was the forerunner: it found particularly in the first stories, *Ingo* and *Ingraban*, and *Das Nest der Zaunkönige*, much of the same humor, quaintness of language, primitive conditions in clear outline, and the workings of primitive Teutonic strength, and gave them much the same enthusiastic reception.

Felix Dahn, too, must be included in the line of succession after Scheffel. Like Ebers and Freytag he was strong and resourceful enough to strike out in a path by himself, yet he was under the spell of Scheffel's work. "Of the German writers," he says, "who belong to an older generation, Friedrich Rückert was closest to me; but of those nearer my own age, Joseph Victor v. Scheffel both as man and genius, was the dearest, perhaps I may say the closest related to me in art: he was my trusted friend, and, in almost everything, my comrade in the matter of likes and dislikes."⁴⁾ In his *Erinnerungen* he confesses to having schooled his verse on Scheffel's poetry, and to having conferred with him frequently regarding his own work in fiction. The *Kampf um Rom* was begun in 1858, immediately following his acquaintance with Scheffel in Munich, and though it was not finished until 1864, probably its primal inspi-

1) *Litteraturbilder Fin de Siècle*, Bändchen I.

2) See letter of Aug. 16, 1883, quoted by Breitner.

3) Conrad Alberti, *Gustav Freytag, Seine Leben und Schaffen*, p. 174.

4) "Von den deutschen Dichtern, welche einem älteren Menschenalter angehören, ist mir Friedrich Rückert am nächsten gestanden; unter den mir gleichaltrigen aber ist mir als Mensch und als Künstler der Liebste, wohl auch der innigste Artverwandte gewesen mein trauriger Herzensfreund und in fast allen Dingen mein Gesinnungs- und Geschmacksgenosse in Neigung und Abneigung, Joseph Viktor von Scheffel."

ration was Scheffel's own contagious enthusiasm for historical romance as revealed in *Ekkehard*. And there are some interior resemblances as well. The fresh robust, *urdeutsch* spirit which predominates Scheffel's book is in Dahn's work, and the charmingly idyllic figures of Hadumoth and Audifax, the child lovers, are paralleled by the attachment existing between Gotho and Adalgoth. And just as little Hadumoth wanders forth to seek her companion whom the Huns have carried off, so does Gotho leave her mountain home to seek for Adalgoth in Italy. And the end of the seeking is also the same story.

Following in the wake of the great writers we have mentioned, have come other novelists to carry on the work in various directions. In the half century nearly which has elapsed since *Ekkehard* was published, many hints and encouragements have come into German literature. The new and greater national life has of itself called forth and stimulated genius on every hand: and historical fiction has received, like other types of literature, its own peculiar incentive. But back of this rapid and successful development stands Scheffel's one great work. Its advent was decidedly auspicious, for it came at the middle point of the modern historical novel's course in Germany, at the right time to give a new vigor to the type of fiction which Walter Scott and other foreign writers had introduced and popularized.

Ekkehard is a great novel. Measured by some of the universal, historical novels in the world's literature it may seem to lack in certain ways, but, nevertheless, it has its own peculiar power; its charms, unique, but pleasing, are like the springtime wind—

"That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odor."

It has filled a necessary place in German literature, and its success has not been undeserved.

LEBENS LAUF.

ICH bin zu Clarence, Calhoun county, Michigan, am 17. Mai 1870 geboren. Mein Vater, Charles Albert Ford, Oekonom, und meine Mutter, Meranda Elizabeth Ford, geborene Floyd, sind noch am Leben. Ich besuchte die Volksschule auf dem Lande, dann absolvierte ich die High School (klassische Vorbereitungsschule) in Litchfield, Michigan.

Im Herbst 1889 bezog ich das College zu Albion, Michigan, später unterbrach ich meine Studien mit einer Reise nach Singapore in Ost-Indien, wo ich englischer Lehrer (English Master) an der englisch-chinesischen Schule (Anglo-Chinese School) war. 1892 kehrte ich nach Amerika zurück, nahm meine Studien wieder auf, und promovierte 1894 als Baccalaureus. Gleich nachher wurde mir eine Lehrstelle für das Deutsche in Albion College angeboten, die ich antrat, nachdem ich zwei Semester lang an der Universität zu Freiburg, i. B. germanische Philologie studiert hatte.

1895 verheiratete ich mich mit Fräulein Grace Augusta Cogshall. 1897 nach zweijährigen Studien erhielt ich die Magisterwürde von Albion College, und im gleichen Jahre wurde ich zum Hilfsprofessor (Associate Professor) für moderne Sprachen ernannt. Während des Sommersemesters 1898 hielt ich Vorträge an der Staatsuniversität zu Morgantown, West Virginia; im Herbst 1898 übernahm ich die Leitung des Department of German Language and Literature in Albion College.

1899 wurde ich von der Behörde auf ein Jahr beurlaubt, um das deutsche Schulwesen zu studieren, und specielle Fachstudien an der Münchener Universität zu betreiben.

Gegenwärtig bin ich Mitglied der Modern Language Association, der American Dialect Society, und der Michigan Teachers' Association. In den letzten Jahren lieferte ich für verschiedene Zeitschriften und Journale Novellen, litterarische Abhandlungen und Reiseskizzen.

Für eine gütige Leitung und Unterstützung bei meinen Studien fühle ich mich insbesondere den folgenden Herren Professoren zu aufrichtigem Danke verpflichtet:

Kluge, Schröer, Thurneysen, Weissenfels, Meyer, Muncker, Paul, Schick, von Müller.

